The Saturday Evening Post

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WINTER.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

Over the hills that Summer robed with flowers,
Over the meadows, down the olden walks,
Through the gaunt forest, in the voiceless bowers,
With ruthless step the chilling Winter stalks.

From palsied Autumn's brow he tears the crown;
He strikes the sceptre from her feeble hold;
And from her tottering throne he thrusts her down,
And wraps her in a snow-shroud, white and cold.

In the sweet valley where I loved to stray,
And where in summer time the daisies grow,
He stops and sports awhile in cruel play,
And fills the vale with drift on drift of snow.

On moor and lea his cold caresses fall;
He wrestles with the brook in stubborn strife;
Alas! alas! but oh! most sad of all,
I feel the hand of Winter on my life.

Not that mild Winter that a ripe old age,
Full of calm joys and quiet peace, may bring;
But fierce and cold, with storms that howl and rage
Around my life that has not passed its Spring.

For I am young—my days are but begun—
Nor eye is dimmed, nor tress its lustre lost;
And I with my poor race not yet half run,
Am like a flower nipped by untimely frost.

Ah well! He sent the winter unto me,
Who sent it to the valley and the plain;
And in the glories of Eternity,
My soul shall find its vanished spring again.

Westport, Wis.

"SISTER LEODA LOOKS AT THE SEA AT LAST."

THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

CHAPTER III.

A STRANGER.

I cannot tell what time passed as I lay thus. I had no power to stir, but I began to think weakly, and then by degrees to see, without yet recovering the power of motion. I was free from all pain or trouble, and recalled the past without any distinct sensation of sorrow or regret, but I was heavy with an unconquered sleep, and would drop down into the deep well of insensibility to be lost for a moment—then as suddenly spring back to life and thought again. Some time passed thus, I cannot tell how long, when I found that a faint, ghastly light was struggling in through the bare window, chasing the shadows into spectral forms, and crowding them together in the corners of the room, one upon the other, like frightened things, shrinking from the eye of day. Then I heard a voice speaking, just within the threshold, distinct and pleasant like a fresh, glad wind.

"Yes, yes, let me see the child, Father Bertram, if only to look at her one moment. I entreat you to let me see the child?"

The next moment the speaker crossed the cell with a light, quick step, and stood beside me. I could see him clearly in the brightening light, and I knew at once it was the stranger Paulo had told of, partly because I looked for *his* coming, and partly because of the peculiar brightness of his face, that in its changeful expression made it difficult to analyze whether it was the emanation of mere youth or of a happy nature. He was very handsome, and standing close to the still, changeless face and figure of the sombre-robed priest, his gay and somewhat picturesque dress may have heightened the effect of his buoyant beauty. A well shaped, pale, olive-colored face, with beautiful eyes brimful of kindness and feeling, bent over me with a look I had never won from any other living being before, and his voice thrilling with tenderness repeated the words "Dear child, she is very, very like him."

In another instant, seeing that my eyes were open, and that I had moved my arms slightly, he drew back whispering,

"Ah, see how strangely she looks! Is she conscious? Can she know we are here?"

Gazing at me steadily, Father Bertram passed his hand softly over my face and closed my eyes. As he did so he answered,

"No, she is astray from the fever that has prostrated her. We may disturb her; let us step aside."

"Oh, father," returned he whom he addressed, "you cannot tell what a bitter pang this is to me; Guy Herbert, when I was but a boy, won my strongest affections—he seemed like the father I had never known. My mother was his young cousin, and the first of the Fogarties that ever married out of the Romish church. You shake your head at this, father, and so did they. Yes, more; when after a year or two my father fell at the battle of the Boyne, under the Orange standard, they shut their doors upon her, and before the new-made king could be reached by petition or memorial in our behalf, we might have died of starvation had it not been for Guy Herbert. His name to me became the ideal of all that was generous and noble, and my mother blessed it living and dying."

He paused a moment and walked away a few steps—then he came back and went on hurriedly,

"There was something strange, wonderfully and inexplicably strange, in a man of Guy Herbert's nature turning exile and hermit for all these years. He and Nell Fogarty, the Rose of the Reefs, as they used to call her, were sworn lovers—every one knew that who had ever seen or heard of the Old Castle. Nell neither died nor turned false, which increases the mystery. You, father, could solve it all if I dared ask you."

Here his tone became deep and earnest, and he added in a voice full of emotion,

"Heaven knows, and Guy, whose home it is now, knows that I speak with no idle curiosity. For years I strove to discover the place of his hiding, for a strong faith in the power of my own grateful pleadings to win him back to life and happiness sustained me. Oh, if we might have met!"

"Ah, if you might have met!" echoed the father in a pulseless voice.

"Yes, father, but there is a sad fatality about it, that of all days of these weary years that I have been seeking, I should find him on that day when the grave had closed above him." Then in an altered and more eager voice he asked, "This child, father, who is she? His niece—yes. I know—you have told me so—but how his niece? He had no family but a half-sister! Ah, I remember now—a half-sister named Monica."

He paused and seemed to wait for a word from the priest. It came as before in an echo of his own.

"A half-sister, named Monica."

"Is this Monica's child? I knew nothing of her beyond the stain on her birth. It was a sore point with Guy, and he did not care to have it talked of. But she is dead. I think I heard that she was dead."

"She is dead," assented the father solemnly.

"This girl is the niece of Guy Herbert, is that all you will tell me, father?"

"All that *I can* tell you," he replied, changing the sentence this time slightly, and giving it such force that it seemed useless to continue further inquiry.

His questioner appeared to look on it thus at least, for after a moment's silence he said,

"I shall not leave the village until I hear of her health further. I can do no more, since you will not give her into any other hands than those of a person coming with authority from Fogarty Reefs."

The priest did not speak—he may have expressed by some gesture which I could not see his determination to abide by this decision, or his regret at its necessity as a duty—I do not know, for I simply heard him murmur a benediction, and then the stranger departed.

That night I lay awake, but not painfully or wearily. Sister Leoda had brought me a great bowl of barley water, at which from time to time I quenched my thirst, the only pang I knew.

A sort of eager pleasure in the few words I had heard connected with myself, and an intense desire to recall and rearrange them in different ways, filled the hours with busy thoughts. Guy as the gentleman spoke of him and Guy as I had known him were not the same. The generous impulse that had awakened a life-long gratitude in the object of his benefactions was strange to me. Quiet, dreamy and self-contained, never unkind, but absent and reserved, neither giving nor inviting tenderness—this was what came to me as he was named, and his thin, wasted form seemed to rise and float by me.

I felt a sting of remorse that I was not simply grieving for him, that I was moved by conjecture and doubt, and that the voice of his friend being full of a music I had never heard in his, had made me conscious of a want of something I could not name, but which I had been content to exist without before.

Fogarty Castle and its fair daughter, the Rose of the Reefs, came out of the shadows on the dark stone wall and became a changeful picture. Sometimes it was a great mansion rising on a cliff and overlooking the sea, as the convent did; and then a beautiful lady, rich in jewels, such as I had seen in pictures, looked from the windows of one of its frowning towers. Again I saw a man standing alone on the deck of a flying ship. His sad eyes held the fast receding shore as a picture he was loth to lose, and sighed a mournful farewell to all that he had loved or cherished. "And this was what made poor Guy gloomy and silent, the memory of his home and the sweet Rose of the Reefs." I reasoned thus as I lay weaving the threads I had caught into so many patterns, until the name "Monica" sprang like a knot into the web, and I paused to unravel it. "Monica" the priest had called Guy the night when he lay dying. "Monica, the half-sister," the stranger had called her. Who was Monica? Should I ask Father Bertram? No, that was the least practical of all things—I must wait.

CHAPTER IV.

SISTER LEODA.

In a day or two I had a bowl of soup instead of barley water, and then Father Bertram said that the fever was entirely allayed. I had nothing to fear, and might wander at will in the convent garden, or rest in the shade of the porch, as I read the lesson Sister Leoda had again allotted me. I was weak and dreamy, and I longed to be out upon the beach, and go back and look into our old cottage, where the widow Maretto had gone to live. But it was not Father Bertram's wish that I should do so. He said nothing, but I had learned to read his will in his eyes. Once again I had nearly offended by my wilfulness; it happened thus: The corridor of the convent opened with a large glass-door into the narrow slip of plot and walk, bordered with myrtle, that was called the garden; and here under the trees I sat at work conning the task the good sister was waiting to have me recite before luncheon. Raising my eyes I saw entering the wide corridor, hitherto sacred from strangers, and coming towards me, the gentleman who had been in the priest's cell the day after the funeral. I sprang up smilingly, and hastened towards him; he stopped an instant, and his face beamed with pleasure; he held out both his hands, and exclaimed delightedly—

"You are the image of your uncle. God bless you, for looking so like the dear fellow!"

I answered him with a cry of pleasure more than words, for my heart thrilled at the tones of his voice.

"You can speak English!" he exclaimed, "I am so glad, for I feared your new home would be strange and unhappy to you."

"Guy taught me," I answered, "he did not like Spanish, and would never speak it to Father Bertram or me."

"Guy?" said the stranger, inquiringly, "did you call him Guy, instead of uncle?"

"He told me—" I began, but paused. Father Bertram had turned from a walk that I had never known him to be in before, and stood beside us. He bowed with more courtesy than was his habit, and led away my new friend without a glance towards me, simply saying—

"I am glad that you are here—I have much to say to you."

Sister Leoda then appeared at her window and beckoned me—so I hurried in. I tried in vain to see Guy's friend again. But one day, a week later, as I stood by the window out of which Father Bertram had looked the day Paulo told him of the stranger's coming, I beheld a pretty ship—her white sails spread—standing boldly out before the wind.

"It is the yacht of the gentleman who knew your uncle, Honora," said the priest. He had suddenly appeared beside me, and pointing to the bark, smiled softly at the moving water.

A month had passed and another was nearly gone, since my sad loss had brought me to the convent. I had never heard another word of Fogarty Castle, but I thought of it daily; and every morning ran to the window that overlooked the sea, to catch a glimpse of any one coming. None was to be seen; neither was there any indoor change, except that Sister Leoda became ill—not slowly or imperceptibly, like poor Guy—but suddenly, as if struck by a blighting wind. We were together at the stone table where I had studied for so many years, and she was going through her silent and monotonous prayers whilst I read, when she started back and sat upright, with both hands upon her heart. She did not cry out, but her face grew horribly distorted, and a damp foam gathered round her lips. I sprang up and ran to call assistance, for there was nothing in the room that I could aid her with. She recovered, and put out her hand to stop me, though her voice seemed lost. I paused obedient to the faint motion she made, and drew near.

"Do not alarm any one," she whispered, so low that I could scarcely catch the sound, but I heeded what she said and brought some water, without speaking to the sisters. She drank it and became better. At least she took her hand from her side, and speaking in a more audible tone, insisted on going on with the lessons. I felt afraid of her turning ill again, and begged her to sit beside the window, but she shook her head.

At last she said, with a strange smile just dawning on her face—

"Little one, I have not looked on the sea for thirty years. I shall never look upon the sea again."

"Why?" I asked, in an awed whisper. She stopped an instant, and shuddered as if she struggled with an inward pang, then she said hoarsely—

"The last time I looked upon it, it showed me a sight too horrible; a face sinking inch by inch, till the eyes, so full of agony, were gone; then the hands stretched themselves towards me for one moment and were gone too, swallowed by the wicked waves that heaped themselves above them. My heart was mad with torture, and I cursed them, the pitiless waters, that had left me desolate! I cursed them in my misery, and defied the God who had afflicted me. I have repented. I do repent, and pray always; but I dare not look upon the sea, lest I should see his tortured eyes under the shallow water."

"His eyes—was he your father, Sister Leoda?"

"My father!" she returned. "I had no father—I was an orphan."

"Was it there—out there upon *that* sea?" I asked, pointing from the window to the shining water that lay asleep in the sun."

She shook her head and made a sweeping motion with her hand, but did not speak.

"Why should you stay here, dear sister, near the sea, when its memory is so dreadful?"

I questioned her because she looked at me dreamily with her head resting on her hands, as if it gave her some relief to hear me speak and answer me. It was the first time in all our days and years of being together, that I had ever seen such a trace of feeling about her; and I think it was my nature to respond earnestly to any affection or interest expressed for me.

A little time passed before she replied, then she said, slowly:

"It is a duty to suffer. What are thirty years, if I may gain peace for him at last! It is necessary to endure; the holy sisters blister their arms with a stinging lash to expiate evil thoughts; but I abide by the sea, towards which I never dare to turn my eyes, but whose picture in my soul will die out only with my life. Listen to the surge upon the shore. That boom breaks through my sleep, and makes it full of hideous visions." She sat still a little time as if listening, and then shivered and took up her wonted prayers again.

The lessons were over, and finding that she neither spoke nor looked at me again, I stole away.

Days, weeks went by, and another month had gone; when one day I looked from the window towards the sea, longing for the ship that must come for me I felt sooner or later. The youngest sister in the convent walked slowly up and down the corridor, singing a holy hymn in a soft, tender measure, and the sweet, low sound mingled with the sunlight out upon the waves as I listened.

A door, far down the hall, swung open, and the form of a sister appeared standing there an instant, and then suddenly came rushing with outstretched arms to the spot where I stood. The young nun ran aside in alarm, but neither of us could speak from astonishment, for it was Sister Leoda, whose step never before had altered from a monotonous pace, and whose wild mien was terribly unlike her old dormant mood.

"Julien," she cried, "I will come to you! though it be to torture, I will share it!"

I threw my arms about and held her, as she would have dashed herself against the window-frame. For an instant she struggled, but it was only an instant. Her strength died out as suddenly as it had come, and she fell limp and white against the stone work of the window-seat with her face turned to the sea, on which she cast one long look of fascinated terror, and then died.

I had never seen any one die before. Guy's spirit passed away when I was in my own chamber, and now I stood awe-stricken and spell-bound by that last, long shudder and faint indescribable sound, that was neither moan nor sigh, with which the poor sister's spirit went out.

For years she had listened to me like one in a dream and taught me mechanically, without seeming to wake to the meaning of what I asked, or she answered. Now she had died almost in my arms, and her glazing eyes as her head fell back on my shoulder seemed to hold more life in their straining intensity than her whole being had contained for thirty years.

"Ah," sighed Sister Martha, the young nun, as after her first emotion of terror she became the reserved, silent figure they all were—"ah, Sister Leoda, you look upon the sea at last, and your penance is accomplished."

The death of the old sister that I had watched and thought of, but yet could never love, was among the last events of my life there. I do not know how I came to believe that the face she had seen in the sea was that of her drowning lover. I was young and child-like, but I had read some old Spanish romances, and gradually I came to think of her as a poor old wreck of a blighted youth, and sighed less sadly when they wrapt her in bridal white and bore her to the chapel, than I had ever done for a loss before, however slight.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW FACE.

I looked out on the waters for a ship, but no sail except the fishers' ever appeared. Sister Leoda was gone, and Father Bertram never spoke to nor appeared conscious of my existence, except the watchful glance I would sometimes catch, that died away as soon as I raised my eyes towards him. At length, when I had grown weary and listless, without friend or occupation, I heard a strange voice ringing loud and shrill through the convent parlor as I passed that way, and it was so clear and cheery that I paused to listen impulsively. I had only heard a word or two when, as noiselessly as did everything else he touched, the door opened and Father Bertram motioned me to enter. I shrank back at the suddenness of seeing him, but he made no comment on my startled manner, he seldom did on anything, and you could only guess at what he saw and what escaped him. On the hard, black sofa, stretching under the gloomy picture, sat a bright-eyed old man, oddly dressed, or it seemed so then to me, and of a lively, happy countenance, that changed as he spoke in a way that was remarkable, contrasted with the expressionless faces around me.

"An' is this the young lady now, yer riverince," he asked, as I stood looking from one to the other in surprise. Father Bertram, according to his custom, spared himself words by looking assent; and with a smile of delight breaking over his whole

face and a glance of respectful tenderness shining beneath it, the old man rose and bowed low before me. "Hivin's blissing light on ye, Miss. Troth, y'll be like a sunbame in the ould place. I'm not riddy wid spache, as ye may see; my words do be laving me whin I'm in most nade of thim, and so I can't expriss my falings to ye, but sure goold nor diamonds couldn't be brighter nor the look ye wear, for it minds me intirely of yer poor uncle, Master Guy, and jist goes clane to me heart."

"Did you know Guy?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Know him!" cried the old man, still standing with his hat in both hands, in the act of bowing. "Sure, if I was the biggest talker between this and The Reefs, instid of the dum craytura I am, I couldn't tell ye in a midsummer day how well I know'd dear Master Guy. He was a great hand intirely at all kinds of laping an' wrastling, and it would bring the heart intil yer mouth wid fear to watch the daring ov him. Ould Sir Brian had a great name in his day for sich divarsions, but Master Guy wint beyant him or his brother Neill ayther.

"I ax yer riverince's pardon, but will yer riverince be plazed to tell the young lady that I'm come to take her wid me to the home of her forefathers, and thim that 'll come afther her; and that my master, ould Sir Brian, sint me to bring her safely over the sea, bekase of the trust he puts in me, on account of the close mouth I have, wid no manner of foolitch spaking or blathering away in a furrin' place. Yer riverince can tell her that I'll be as careful of her as if she was made of diamonds, and my own head was at stake for her vally. Yer riverince will make it all plain to her wid the great gift of talk ye have."

The only reply of Father Bertram, despite this eulogy, was a few words. He waved his hand towards the speaker, but fixed his eyes on me.

"What he says is true," he said; "his name is Dennis Finn; he is a trustworthy servant of your relatives, and you will go to-morrow."

"True, for yer riverince, to-morrow is the day, and it's yersilf has the fligant way of expressing yer sintiminta. Faith, I invy thim that has the way of spaking aisy, for I would fain make myself beknown to the young lady that stands smilin' on me like the bames of the mornin'."

I must have looked glad and happy, for my heart was glowing with a sense of expected freedom from what had become an irksome captivity. The prospect of a new life among those who might learn to love me and whom I was sure to love—the anticipation of new sights and scenes, and above all the hope of finding a home, awoke the enthusiasm of my buoyant temper. If any one had ever shown me the shadow of love or interest, or even permitted me to cling to them in affection, I am sure it would not have been so utterly without regret that I longed for the morning that was to begin my journey; but I had lived among beings detached from earthly interests, and my young life could not school itself into the monotonous quiet of theirs.

"You will lodge with Paulo to-night, Dennis," said Father Bertram; "be here in season to start with Pequinio before the sun is high. I will have a package ready for Sir Brian by that time."

He turned and left the parlor, with a motion for Dennis to follow, but I prevented him by catching his hand and holding him back.

"Tell me, please, who is Sir Brian, and if he is to be to me as Guy was." I entreated him by look and gesture to remain; and although he glanced a little nervously after the retreating father, he yielded.

"What will I tell ye, darlint?" he asked. "Isn't Sir Brian and Mr. Neill Fogarty both yer own born relations—and mighty grand relations they are too—that the like ov me is proud to sarve and belong to? Sure, ef I was one of thim that had a gift of talkin', I could tell ye about them all till the day would wear into night. Sir Brian is grand and noble, wid a head as white as the mountain snows, and a face like one of the ould knights cut in stone on the abbey tombs, so beautiful and proud-like. Ye have to look up at him wid a kind of fear, he is so far above what's mane or common; but Mr. Neill, he's the mild, beautiful talker, with the swateness of new milk in every word he says. It's 'Denny, will ye plaze to do this?' or 'Denny, will ye be afther obligin' me by doing so and so?' That's his way if he wants me to do a hand's turn for him. Troth it's little Sir Brian dales in thim kind of persuasions. It's the voice of thunder and the hand of iron wid him, as well I know, having had a taste of both mesilf."

"Are you their cousin or uncle, Denny?" I asked simply, for I was new to everything but what I had seen in my narrow life or read in the old romances.

The old man looked at me with an expression of blank amazement on his whimsical face.

"Do ye hear her! do ye jist hear her! Comparing the likes ov me to the grand Fogarties!" he turned round, as if addressing a fancied audience, and seemed to find it impossible to recover from his astonishment. "Well, Miss, dear, it's well the ould master himself didn't hear yer ignorance on the subjict ov his high birth, for it's one he's well larned in himself. You axed me what I was to the Fogarties. Sure, I'm jist Denny Finn, the sarvint man—the Jack-at-a-pinch that would go to the world's end to sarve both of them, or even into the jaws of death itself without axing a reason but their own word, as well they know." He altered his manner from its startled humility to one of calmer importance, as he continued—"But there's no one going that they think more of nor they do of me, I may as well tell ye, for ye never would find it out if I didn't. Sir Brian is a wonderful hand at concealing some of his feelings, and he hides this one, for a raison of his own."

"I must go," I said; "I will see you early in the morning, as Father Bertram has stated. I dare not detain you longer now. But tell me, do we go alone, you and I?"

"Not intirely, Miss, there's a nate slip ov a lad I brought wid me for company like. He's a lively, aisy craytura, and I'm so quiet mesilf that it's a comfort for me to have some one near me to crack a joke or put me in spirits once in a while."

I held out my hand at the parlor door, but he bowed low, with a heightened color. "Kape yer hand for yer aquils, Miss, if ye want to plaze Sir Brian; he's proud himself, and who blames him, wid kings and quanes for forefathers, and lords and dukes as common among thim as mate and drink?"

So I tried to understand from the few words he dropped what my home and friends were like, and what I had to be so proud of. A puzzle less difficult may be slept and dreamed on before solving, and I was soon rapt in visions about mine.

The ship, for which I looked in vain, lay in the offing at Santander. When I saw it, my heart thrilled with wonder and delight, to which the depression of a last look on long accustomed scenes soon gave way.

I had kissed and prayed over the stone door-way that closed the vault where Guy lay. I had received a parting blessing from Father Bertram with bowed head and tearful eyes. I had cast a yearning look, full of strangely mingled feelings, at the old cottage, where widow Maretto stood on the porch shading her face from the early light; and then the past seemed to close like a great page, and the future opened cold and indistinct before me. But the sea, my early friend and play-fellow was still to go with me, and the wonders of the grand vessel—for it was grand to me compared to the fishers' crafts—were inexhaustible. Another old man with a broad, stupid, smiling face, met Denny at the town, and fell into our wake without a word passing between them.

I thought when I saw the sailors hauling the ropes and letting out the sails that we were forgetting the boy he alluded to. So I ran out of the little cabin that was to be all my own, and told Denny, who stood watching the interest our departure occasioned on shore, of my fear. His bright face expanded into a wide smile as he pointed to the other old man.

"Sure, Miss Honora, jewel, is it draming ye are? Don't ye see him standing foreninst ye? Och, Tim, ye craytura, why can't ye be making yer manners to the young lady that's taking notice ov ye? Faith, yer a disgracing heart-break, so ye are, to be grinning widout the sign ov respict about ye."

Without being in the least offended by this rebuke, the old man raised his cap in one hand, and holding it over his head, made a forward dive at me and a backward scrape with one of his feet. After which Denny, regarding him with complacency, whispered:

"It's his first time for laving the ould place where he was born and reared, but he'll larn by-and-by, plase God."

Why Denny called him a lad I could not imagine, nor why he found him such agreeable society, for he never spoke at all, but expressed himself by grinning good-humoredly at everything, or wrinkling his face, or bobbing his head up and down or backwards or forwards, as the case required. But he listened to and followed his companion with the greatest docility, which may have been a secret bond between them, undisturbed by Denny's hasty and sometimes personal expressions of feeling.

At the beginning of our voyage, Denny would talk with me whenever I came on deck, generally about the nobility of the Fogarties, the lofty severity of Sir Brian, and the gentle quiet of Mr. Niell. Sometimes, first looking slyly about him on all sides, he would whisper an inquiry about Guy, but check me before I could answer, saying with a sigh, "It's my heart, ye see, that runs away wid my judgment, for I have the master's orders agin spaking of him at all. But I loved him so whin he was a lad, that I do be always forgetting meself."

One day I asked him why poor Guy should have lived so long away from those who loved him. "Do you know, Denny," I continued, "there was a handsome gentleman who came to Pasco when he died, and he said he had searched for years for him, all in vain. "Oh, Denny, I do hope Sir Brian will look like that good friend. Did you ever see him?" And carefully and minutely I described each feature of the stranger's face, being more enthusiastic about him, I fear, than the few words I heard him utter warranted.

Denny shared my feeling, but was puzzled by the portrait.

"I'm well acquainted with the Fogarties, root and branch, for me father before me sarved thim, but I don't mind one that has the makes and looks of this gentleman," he said.

"But he's not a Fogarty," I answered, "his mother married a Protestant Colonel, and the family disowned her for it."

Denny crossed himself hastily. "Is't Miss Helen Fogarty ye mane, that tuck up wid a heretic? An' is it him, the disgracin' villin, that he's coming over the say to pass himself off for a true Fogarty? Sure the bishop's ban wint on thim all, and there's no luck or dacincy among thim."

"He said the Fogarties despised his mother, and that when she was friendless and alone, without a hand to grasp for aid or comfort, Guy Herbert nobly came to her help and saved her from misery and despair. It was in memory of this that the good grateful gentleman loved him so, and wandered over the world to thank and bless him."

Somehow the words of the stranger abode with me, and I resented Denny's defence of his creed, saying, in conclusion, "And I don't believe in any religion that is harsh and cruel."

Denny scratched his head with a perplexed air. At last he said:

"If I was glib wid the tongue, I could make ye sinsible of the truth and raison ov what I'm saying. Sure whin ye are lying sick in a faver ye wouldn't take aisy to bitter drugs and powders if it wasn't for a kind, strong hand that would force ye to yer own good. Just so, it's hard to shut yer door or raise yer hand agin yer own flesh and blood, evin whin they turn their faces from the truth; but it's their only hope of salvation to be druv back agin, though the way lies over rocks and briars, an' they rach it bruised and bleeding; still it's hivin let thim get there how they will."

With this confession of faith Denny turned to Tim, who, according to his habit, stood smiling at nothing.

"There he is," he continued, "and if he was to open his mouth he could tell ye more nor the likes of me could say in a fortnight. Faith there's few that could equil him if he was once set to; he's got raison and logic enough for a praist himself.

Tim received the eulogy with great meekness, as he did an after remark, that if "he wasn't lost to all manners he wouldn't stand foreninst the young lady when she had nothing to sit down on, forbye a hard bench at the cabin door."

When he, obedient to this hint, ran to bring a travelling chair, Denny said proudly,

"Now where would ye find the likes ov him for since and company? Sure he's jist as riddy and kindly a lad as iver stipped."

"Denny," I ventured to ask, "is Tim really young? he doesn't look so, I'm sure."

"Well, by this and by that! he's ten years younger nor I am mesilf. Troth is he; let his looks be what they may."

I had nothing to say to this unanswerable argument in favor of Tim's youth, so I took the chair he kindly brought, and listened again to Denny's endless stories of the Reefs.

Dwelling on its wild grandeur of scenery the old man's eyes dilated and his cheeks flushed, and he would turn to Tim for sympathy, which came in quick nods and more expansive smiles. A week more, and I saw it rising before me, out of the sea as it seemed, grand, lofty and magnificent.

"Oh, Denny," I cried, as his hand, trembling with delight, pointed it out to me. "How beautifully solemn it seems to stand among those dwarfish trees and moss-grown rocks! The great sea dashes at its feet, and you can fall asleep to the sound of the surges as I used to do at Pasco."

"No, Miss, darlint," he answered, "there's three good miles of shore betune us and the say, but we can hear a low murmuring of it staling up on the wind whin it's calm, and whin it's stormy, troth, thin we think we're near enough."

Slogan was the name of the little town at the foot of the high winding road that led to the Reefs. We had landed at Dungarvan, and ridden all day to reach it in a large, soft-cushioned carriage, that was slow and heavy in its motions, but grand and luxurious to my unaccustomed senses. From Slogan we quickened our pace and left the sea behind us, till we turned a rocky point, and the castle, with its wide foreground of sunset waves lay outspread before us.

To the west there was some wooded land and a fine sloping lawn, but all that your eye first caught of the Reefs was wild, untrammelled, glorious nature.

The broad road terminated in a high arched gateway where we stopped. Within, a wide walk, paved with squares of stone, led to the hall door. It was much grander and more imposing than the convent entrance, but not unlike it in the color of the stone and the Gothic design. The threshold once passed, all similarity ceased. The carved balustrades of the grand stairway, the rich polished hue of the oaken panelling, the tall Gothic settees and chairs of shining wood, with crimson cushions, and the bronze figure of a knight in armor were all new to me. The castle itself seen from a distance appeared like a pile of turrets—one of these formed the hall and great stairway, at the head of which was a high window, formed of innumerable panes of stained glass curiously cut and shaped. The sunset streaming through it shot down on me a flood of rainbow light as a welcome when I entered. Denny closed the great swinging door behind us, and taking off his cap began to bow reverently, with a look of respect and homage that changed the whole character of his whimsical face, and gave it an expression of grave decorum.

Surprised at the alteration, I looked about me to discover that we were not alone. A tall carved door had opened in the centre at the left of the hall, and a gentleman stood on its threshold looking towards us. One glance showed me that it was Sir Brian. I had never seen such a lofty stature, such a noble presence, such handsome chiselled features, crowned with such snow-white hair, before. He was very dark—his face looked almost bronzed under his bleached locks, and his black eyes were keen and piercing as an eagle's. A fixed, stern purpose, and a will of iron seemed stamped in every line and curve about his mouth, but the mouth itself was small and beautifully formed. When he spoke it softened his whole countenance with its tender, mobile play of expression, and he appeared possessed of two natures; the one expressed in his severe silence, the other in his kindly speech.

He spoke to Denny, but he looked at me.

"This is the young lady you received from the charge of Father Bertram, Denny?"

"Yes, yer honor," responded Denny, with surprising brevity.

Sir Brian came forward a step, and held out his hand, he trembled a little as he did so—and a change, slight and sudden, passed over his face, a quick contraction of the lips and eyes, that was gone almost as I noted it.

"Honora."

He spoke my name in a voice I cannot describe—and my whole nature thrilled in answer to the sound. It opened my heart, though I know not by what mysterious key—and without an instant given to hesitation or thought, I caught the hand he offered me in both of mine, and pressing close to his side, held up my face appealingly to his.

He kissed me—and I cried with pleasure, for I loved this man already. I can recall now, the odd, puzzled look of Denny's face as he turned to leave the hall. He made a motion of astonishment by half closing his eyes and throwing up both his hands, and then departed.

I followed Sir Brian into the room he came from; it was a spacious place, filled with books and pictures, with a bright, rich carpet on the floor, and a glowing fire of wood in a wide, carved chimney. There were easy chairs in plenty, and a sofa piled with cushions; everything looked handsome and well-kept; and its noble master pleased me best of all.

I sat down at a sign of invitation from Sir Brian, and he remained standing just before and looking down at me, with the same expression that belonged to my name as he pronounced it.

"Shall you like to live in this great old house, with two old men like my brother Niell and me?"

"I shall like you dearly," I answered, "and the house is very grand."

"You have not seen many houses, Honora," he said, smiling, "would you like to tell me something of yourself—anything that you remember?"

"Pasco was a little village—oh it seems very little now, since I have seen the great town we came to, and the village below the Reefs. Shall I tell you of Pasco and the fishers' girls, or the convent and Father Bertram?"

"You shall tell me what you please; you are a frank girl, and trust me at sight; that's well; I like you for it; but I am old, you know, and must both hear and see. Tell me about yourself, and let me see if I am wise in giving you my heart."

He smiled still more kindly as he spoke; and swayed by a strong impulse I felt to make my life known to him, I told him of my unvarying days that came and went alike, of my scant and silent convent lessons, and of the never changing kindness of poor Guy. Here my voice shook, and being touched by his tender listening sympathy, I broke down and wept.

He did not speak, but walked across the room once, then came and sat down by me, and motioned me to continue. I dried my eyes, and said—

"I loved Guy dearly, very dearly, but I did not like to tell him so—his eyes did not invite me, he was so sad and silent. When he died, I would have given my life to bring him back, because I knew no other love than the wordless care and gentleness he showed me; but somehow, though it is but a few months ago, I've learned to think he looked on me as a charge, and fulfilled a duty that gave him no pleasure. He loved some one, but it was not me."

The attentive look of keen interest that followed my words, changed instantly as I ceased. A gleam, like smothered fire, shone in his eyes, and his brows gathered threateningly.

"You did not spy into what was not meant for you to know? Come, come, you are too young for that. 'Tis I who am old and suspicious, as I told you."

There was a great difference in the tone with which he commenced speaking and that with which he closed. Then I realized what Denny had meant by the "thunder" in "the master's" voice. I was not frightened by this sudden gleam of temper; being, as I said, without other guide than instinct or impulse, both taught me to love him, and he seemed noble to me in every mood, from the instant I saw his grand figure in the hall bidding me welcome.

"Guy never changed; and Father Bertram never changed. Neither did Sister Leoda till just before she died. I shall like you even if you look angry and speak harshly, because I—because I—I cannot tell why—but I like changing people."

"Little lass!" he said, and every trace of his momentary cloud had vanished; "you have no maid here to wait upon or dress you. There is an old woman by the door yonder, ready to show you to your chamber now; and by-and-by she will bring you down to dinner."

He opened the door as he spoke, and there stood a feminine twin of Denny, smiling and curtseying invitingly. I hastened to follow her, and found myself ushered into a beautiful room, with a view from its windows of the woodland, and a rich valley over beyond, that was a green treasure to my sea-accustomed eyes. Everything was so beautiful and grand within and without, that I clapped my hands together and just laughed aloud for joy. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE COMING YEAR.

We design making THE POST for the coming year superior to what it has ever been.

In the way of new Novelets we are able already to announce:—

"The Mystery of the Reefs,"

BY MRS. HOSMER.

Cut Adrift; or, The Tide of Fate.

BY AMANDA M. DOUGLAS.

A New Novelet

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD, Author of "The Queen of the Savannah."

A New Novelet

BY ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, Author of "St. George and the Dragon."

With OTHER NOVELETS and SHORT STORIES, by a host of able writers.

A copy of either of our large and beautiful steel Engravings—"The Song of Home at Sea," "Washington at Mount Vernon," "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in His Library"—will be given to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending on a club. Members of a Club, wishing an Engraving, must remit one dollar extra. These engravings, when framed, are beautiful ornaments for the parlor or library. "The Song of Home at Sea," is the new engraving, prepared especially for next year, at a cost for the mere engraving alone, of nearly $1,000!

To NEW SUBSCRIBERS we offer the following inducement. We shall print a large extra edition of the numbers containing the beginning of "THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS," and "THE ABBOT'S POOL," and shall continue to date all *new* subscribers back to the paper of December 12th, until the large extra edition is exhausted. This arrangement will give new subscribers for 1869, who do not delay their subscriptions too long, *three papers in addition to the regular number for the year, or nearly thirteen months in all.*

This offer applies to all new subscribers, single or in clubs. And our Club terms are so very low, as compared with other first-class literary weeklies, that clubs should be obtained with the greatest ease. And the getter up of a club of Five or over, gets not only the Premium Engraving for his trouble, but a free copy of the paper also.

While we offer thus a special inducement to *new* subscribers, our *old* subscribers will reap the benefit of the increased circulation which it brings us, in the continual improvement of our paper—and therefore it is to their interest to speak a good word for us to their friends. We have already Enlarged and Beautified our paper—and of this they have had the advantage. And in proportion as patronage is extended to us, do we design making THE POST more and more worthy of their support.

When it is considered that the terms of THE POST are so much lower than those of any other First-class Literary Weekly, we think we deserve an even more liberal support from an appreciative public than we have ever yet received.

We trust that those of our subscribers who design making up clubs, will be in the field as early as possible, and make large additions to their lists. Our prices to club subscribers are so low, that if the matter is properly explained, very few who desire a literary paper will hesitate to subscribe at once, and thank the getter-up of the club for calling the paper to their notice.

For TERMS see head of editorial column. Sample numbers are sent *gratis* to those desirous of getting up clubs.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, DEC'R 19, 1868.

TERMS.

The terms of THE POST are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine, conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:—One copy (and a large Premium Steel Engraving) $2.50; Two copies $4.00; Four copies $8.00; Eight copies (and one gratis) $12.00. One copy of THE POST, and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND $4.00. Every person getting up a club will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

Subscribers in the British Provinces must remit twenty cents extra for postage. Papers in a club will be sent to different post-offices if desired. Single numbers sent on receipt of five cents. Contents of Post and of Lady's Friend always entirely different.

In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia; or get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless pay their charges.

SEWING MACHINE Premium. For 80 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $20—we will send either Grover & Baker's No. 22, or Wheeler & Wilson's No. 3 Machine, price $55. After Jan. 1, 1869, we will send only the Grover & Baker No. 23 Machine, price $55. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced Machine will be sent. Every subscriber in a Premium List, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the Premium Steel Engraving.

Address

HENRY PETERSON & CO.,
319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

BACK NUMBERS.

We regret to say that we are out of our back numbers of THE POST up to the paper of December 12th.

We printed a large extra edition, and supplied those who applied for about two and a-half months; but we find that we have fallen short of the demand.

New subscribers will have to begin with the number of December 12th—and there could not be, we think, a better one to begin with; containing as it does, the opening of "THE MYSTERY OF THE REEFS," and "THE ABBOT'S POOL."

THE WINTER.

Philadelphia is *the* place to pass the winter in.

Only one snow storm so far, and that a slight one. No snow on the ground as we write this, Dec. 12th. The thermometer only about 15. While at Louisville, the mercury is at three above zero, at Cairo one below, and at Quincy (Ill.) 13 below. We also read that the Mississippi is frozen over as far down as Cairo.

In poor Massachusetts they have a foot of snow, and have had nearly a dozen snow storms—and even at Reading (Pa.) not far from us, and thence Westward and North-Westward, they have nearly as much snow on the ground as in New England.

Well, we suppose our outside friends like it—or think they like it, which amounts to the same thing.

But Philadelphia is this Autumn and early Winter, a favored land in the opinion of its inhabitants. Of course they do not openly say that it is because they deserve it—but it is a free country, and they have a right to *think* as they please.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NOTHING BUT LEAVES. A Poem. Illuminated by JEAN LEE. Published by Duffield & Ashmead, Phila. This is one of the most beautiful gift books of the season. It is illuminated somewhat in the old mediæval style, and with its richly colored designs, would make a very acceptable present for any friend who has an eye for the beautiful.

GENEVA'S SHIELD; A story of the Swiss Reformation. By Rev. W. M. BLACKBURN, author of "Ulrich Zwingle," "William Farrel," etc. Published by M. W. Dodd, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

PAUL AND MARGARET, THE INEBRIATE'S CHILDREN. By H. K. P., author of "Robert, the Cabin Boy," etc., etc. Published by M. W. Dodd, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE ORPHANS' TRIUMPH; OR, THE STORY OF LILY AND HARRY GRANT. By H. K. P., author of "The Kemptons," "Paul and Margaret," etc., etc. Published by M. W. Dodd, New York; and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

THE DISEASES OF SHEEP; with an essay on Cattle Epidemics. By HENRY CLOK, V. S., Graduate of the Royal College at Berlin, Prussia, and late Veterinary Surgeon-in-Chief of the U. S. A. Published by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

ZELL'S POPULAR ENCYCLOPEDIA AND UNIVERSAL DICTIONARY. Edited by L. COLANGE. Published by T. Elwood Zell, Philadelphia. We have received the first number of this interesting and useful work, the design of which is to incorporate into a compact and concise form, the vast information hitherto found only in numerous books, such as Gazetteers, Biographical Dictionaries, Encyclopedias, and the large Dictionaries of our language. It will be issued in numbers of eight pages each, and published weekly.

THE OVERLAND MONTHLY. For November, 1868. Published by A. Roman & Co., San Francisco. This enterprising magazine from across the continent, is filled as usual with first-rate articles.

FALLEN PRIDE; OR, THE MOUNTAIN GIRL'S LOVE. By Mrs. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH, author of "Fair Play," "The Lost Heiress," etc., etc. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

PICCIOLA. Par X. B. SAINTINE. Published by D. Appleton & Co., New York.

THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW. October, 1868. American Edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE. November, 1868. American Edition. Published by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company, New York; and also for sale by W. B. Zieber, Philada.

HUNTER AND TRAPPER. By HALSEY THRASHER, an Experienced Hunter. Illustrated. Published by Orange Judd & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

☞ We often hear of a man "being in advance of his age;" but who ever heard of a woman being in the same predicament?

The Bible:

Illustrated by Oriental Usages.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

No. I.

There are few Western readers of the Bible who have not been repeatedly puzzled with passages, which to any *Oriental* are plain as noonday, so entirely are many of these obscurities removed by an acquaintance with Eastern customs.

Take as an example, the familiar words of the prophet Jeremiah, 2d chap. and 22d verse, "Though thou wash thee with nitre and take much soap, yet is thine iniquity marked before me." Any child, old enough to know that "nitre" has no cleansing property whatever, can see at a glance that as the words stand, they mean nothing at all; and when told that "nitre" should read *natrum* or *borax*, he is only more bewildered as to the prophet's meaning. I well recollect my own childhood's queries, and the unsatisfying nature of the answers I received, as to the use of *natrum* as a purifier—the very point on which the whole force of the passage depends. A few years later, a simple household operation revealed the strength and beauty of the illustration, and brought as with lightning glance the prophet's words before my mind's eye.

I was at the beautiful island of Singapore, that little ocean gem at the foot of the Malayan peninsula, twenty thousand miles from my childhood's home. It was early morning—morning within the Tropics, and surrounded by orange groves and magnolias, I stood on an open verandah, drinking in the fragrant breezes wafted toward me from the neighboring plantations of clove and nutmeg, when my attention was arrested by the song of two Bengalese washermen who passed me on their way to their day's work. A beautiful green lawn lay outstretched before me, and near its centre rippled a pebbly little stream. Here the two Bengalese halted and threw down their burdens. One had been loaded with a huge bundle of soiled linen, and the other with a bag or sack, which upon being opened, revealed some two bushels of what to me seemed simply *yellow clay*. The clothes were first plunged *en masse* into the creek, and when thoroughly wetted were spread out upon the grass and completely covered with the yellow clay I had seen disgorged from the sack. By this time the sun had risen, and the clothes being outspread upon the grass beneath old Sol's burning glances, were soon dried, *clay and all*. Then buckets of water were brought, and they were again thoroughly dampened and more clay put on—this process being repeated every half hour, until you saw literally nothing but the clay, the clothes being completely hidden thereby. Then one of the *Dhobis* left the ground, while the other remained to watch the clothes, wetting them frequently during the day; but as evening closed in, the heavy tropical dew was sufficient to keep them moist; and the Dhobi (as I afterward learned was their custom) lay down to sleep near his charge, simply as a protection against thieves. At day dawn I was again at my post to see the end. Pretty soon the man who had slept on the ground was joined by his companion, and gathering up the linen they both descended the banks of the little creek, and stood up to their loins in water, beating the clothes over the broken rocks, and occasionally rinsing them in the stream, till all the clay and with it every particle of stain and soil was removed; and when the process had been completed, and the linen was again spread on the grass to dry, it rivalled the very snow in whiteness.

In an instant the prophet's words rose to my lips—this then was *natrum* or *borax*, and this the process doubtless figuratively alluded to.

I afterwards quoted the passage to my teacher, and to other Orientals, and invariably, without a moment's hesitation, they gave the same interpretation—"though thou apply *borax*, or that which will remove every other stain, 'yet is thine iniquity marked before me'—*that* no outer washing may cleanse."

The above is the usual mode of washing practised all through Southern Asia; and except for the heavy wear on the linen from being beaten over the sharp rocks, no better method could be adopted. The free use of the *borax*, together with the bleaching of the tropical sun, renders boiling quite unnecessary, and very little soap is required, whilst the clothing, however badly soiled on going out, returns from the wash as spotlessly white as if perfectly new.

In most places the cost for washing and ironing, including all necessary materials, is only three dollars per hundred, sometimes even less. This cheap and easy process is certainly a great convenience in a climate the intense heat of which requires very frequent changes, and where nearly every article of ordinary clothing is made of *white* linen or cotton. F. * *.

How They Do Things in the London Papers.

An American gentleman, who was recently in London, desired to have an advertisement inserted in the London Times. It was on a Thursday that he carried it to the office, requesting it to be inserted the next morning, and at the same time asking the price to be paid. "It will be seven-and-sixpence," was the reply, "and will go in as soon as possible." "But," said the gentleman, "when will that be?" "Oh! by Monday or Tuesday," responded the clerk. "Put it in to-morrow," persisted the gentleman, "for I must remain in London for that alone. I will gladly pay you any price." The clerk was unmoved. "We don't do business that way," he replied, gravely.

COAL GAS.—A physician attributes much of the sickness in winter to the bad effects of coal gas. He says in nine out of ten houses that he enters he notices coal gas in the air they breathe. Many times he finds the damper in the stove-pipe closed to save coal, and the result is a room full of gas, not noticed by the inmates, perhaps, but by those who come in from the fresh air. He condemns dampers of every kind in pipes where coal is used. He says, shut your stove tight and cover your fire with ashes, if it burns too fast, but don't have a damper in the stove-pipe.

☞ EPITAPH.—The finest epitaph ever written—Ben Johnson's on the Countess of Pembroke:—

"Underneath this marble hearse,
Lies the subject of all verse;
Sidney's sister—Pembroke's mother—
Death, ere thou shalt claim another,
Fair and wise and learned as she,
Time shall hurl a dart at thee."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

A Terrible Scene.

A terrible steamboat collision took place on the Ohio River on the night of December 4, resulting in a fearful loss of life. The regular passenger boats America and United States, plying between Cincinnati and Louisville, came in collision near Warsaw, owing to false signals having been sounded. Immediately upon coming together a large quantity of petroleum on board the United States caught fire and enveloped both vessels in flames. A scene of horror ensued among the passengers, many of them jumping overboard to escape the flames. It is thought that between seventy and eighty persons, many of them being ladies, were burned to death or drowned.

The following account is from the Louisville Journal of Dec. 7:

A touching appeal was made by Miss Jones to a gentleman on board. As the wood-work was becoming too heated to bear, and the flames were forcing their way gradually into the cabin, she went to him, saying: "Oh! Mr. ——, you have talked to me this evening, you have danced with me, you know who I am and where I come from, save me! Oh, save me! Oh, save me!" He told her he had a wife to save, and could not help her. Poor girl, she is beyond earthly help now. One of the gentlemen on board had the presence of mind to unhinge a door, which he threw into the river; and after his wife and he had jumped in, he placed her in position to reach the shore. "Now stay here, dear," was his request, "until I can fix myself some way, and we can both be saved." Imagine the husband's agony, just as he had procured something that would float, to see a man swim toward the frail support of his wife and knock her away from it. She was drowned. One gentleman and wife escaped in rather a romantic manner. Fastening life-preservers to both of their persons, he tied her right arm to his left, then took a shutter, over which they placed both arms. "Now! one—two—three—jump!" he cried, when both jumped, and after a little manœuvering they arrived safely on shore, minus, however, several articles of apparel needed to make them presentable. A lady on board the States relates that as she and her husband were moving toward the shore, in the water, she saw one of the life-boats filled with people who had escaped. But all at once the America begins backing towards shore, and mercilessly the rudder strikes the boat, crushing and upsetting it. None of these passengers were saved. After escaping one danger, only to meet death in another form. From the shore could be seen women with nothing but their *robes de nuit* to protect them, rushing about in the flames, screaming for help—mothers with their children in their arms, most of them babies, rushing about frantically. One mother, holding her baby in her arms, ran to the guards, but the water seemed to her only a chilly grave; then she jumped in the cabin again, then to the guards. The last that was seen of her she was standing up with her baby hugged closer to her, in her awful death, burning up. The scene at Warsaw beggars description. Relatives hunting for each other; the wounded screaming with pain; people who at home were blessed with wealth bemoaning their sad plight. The ladies generally had perforce to go to bed while their linen was being dried. Clothing was brought by the open-handed and warm-hearted citizens of Warsaw, and everything was done to render them as comfortable as possible under the circumstances. The bridal parties lost everything on board but their sleeping apparel. Calicoes took the place of elegant vestments. Red worsted hoods, or bonnets, or anything that would cover their feet and nakedness. Clothing was gone, elegant trousseau, which had cost so much time and trouble in getting together, were lapped up in the hungry flames.

Money was gone, and penniless, nearly naked, three of the newly-married couples changed their warm beds for the icy water in the river, and half dead with fright, and two-thirds frozen, they only reached the friendly shore to be greeted by a piercing cold wind. But at last they were saved, and they fell into the hands of the good Samaritans. One couple, just married, have fulfilled their holy vow to love each other until death should them part; but death took them both—both together—frozen, drowned, dead, in their beautiful youth, with the kiss of their pure love frozen on their lips. A gentleman with his sister, a lovely and accomplished young lady, were passengers on the United States. At the first shock the gentleman was thrown from his bed clear on the floor. Hastily pulling on his pantaloons, he rushed to the state-room of his sister, burst open the door, and, seizing her in his arms, carried her down on the main deck, where, procuring a door-shutter, he threw it overboard and leaped after it, with his sister in his arms. He placed her securely on the shutter, and was swimming behind, pushing it, with its precious load, towards the shore, when, to his horror, a big, burly and able-bodied man swam up, pushed his sister off the board, and climbed upon it himself. The young girl sank with a scream, and if she came to the surface it was so dark and the confusion so great that he could not find her. Maddened at the dastardly act, he made after the author, and seizing him by the throat, a struggle to the death ensued. They rose and sank together, still struggling—and when last seen were grappling with each other. Whether either was saved, or both went down together is not known. The sister sank beneath the waves, and was lost—but she was terribly avenged by her brother. Two ladies, whose names are unreported, placed on board the States by Mr. Townsend Whelan, a banker of Philadelphia, were assuredly lost. They took passage for New Orleans. Mr. Whelan came down yesterday in search of them, but could obtain no clue to their fate. Mr. George Ziegler, of Nashville, and wife, who escaped so miraculously, were married at Fremont, Ohio, on Sunday night preceding the disaster. At the place, near Florence, where the boats collided, the river takes a bend, though there is over twenty feet of water, which allowed them plenty of room. Frank and J. N. Price, brothers, of this city, made their escape together, and had a most thrilling adventure. When they left the boat it was almost entirely wrapped in flames, and nearly all who could had filled the decks and were struggling to evade the sheets of flame that overspread the water. By lucky chance the brothers reached one of the fenders aft of the States, and slid down into the water, and after much difficulty got ashore. To their coolness and courage much of the life-saving is due, and their calm survey of the dire situation in great part insured the transmission of intelligent accounts of the disaster.

NEW YORK CITY.—The Charter election resulted in the election of A. Oakey Hall for Mayor, and Richard O'Gorman for Corporation Counsel. The total vote of the city was 90,014, out of a registration of almost double that number. Hall's majority was over 54,000, and O'Gorman's nearly that number.

SPAIN.—The outbreak in Cadiz still continues, and promises to be serious. It is either a Republican outbreak, or instigated by agents of Queen Isabella.

Fire-Arms.

It is stated that ninety-five out of every hundred instances of the bursting of a double-barrelled gun can be traced to defects in the left barrel. The reason is simply that the right is most frequently used and re-loaded, perhaps ten times to the left one being discharged once. Every time the right barrel is discharged the gunpowder in the left is pulverized more or less by the shock, and the settling of the grains leaves a space between the charge and the wadding. Hence when the left barrel is discharged it frequently explodes. These accidents, it is asserted, can be avoided by sending the ramrod home with one or two smart blows into the non-discharged barrel every time the other is re-loaded.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull. Sales comprise about 9000 bbls, at $5,50@6 for superfine, $6,25@7 for extra, $7,25@8 for Iowa and Wisconsin extra family, $8@8,25 for Minnesota family, $8,50@9,75 for Penna extra family, $10@10,50 for Ohio and Indiana family, and $11@12 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality.

GRAIN—40,000 bus Wheat sold at $2@2,05 for prime Penna, Western and Southern red; $1,90@1,95 for good do; $1,80@1,85 for common; $2,08@2,15 for amber, and $2,20@2,45 ₱ bus for white, the latter rate for choice Kentucky; 800 bus spring sold at $1,60@1,70 ₱ bus. Rye—6000 bus Western and Penna sold at $1,58@1,58 ₱ bus. Corn—About 60,000 bus sold at 90@91 for new yellow; 90@94c for new white; $1,16@1,20 for old yellow, and $1,15@1,20 for Western mixed. Oats—46,000 bus sold at 70@75c for Western and prime Penna, and 50@63c ₱ bus for light Penna and Southern.

PROVISIONS—There is no material change to notice. Sales of Mess Pork at $26@26,50. Mess Beef sells at $22@23,50 for city packed. Dressed Hogs sell at $10@10,50. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed Hams at 14@17c; Excelsior Hams at 22c; Sides at 17@18c; Shoulders at 13@13½c. Green Meats—Sales of Pickled Hams at 14@14½c; and Shoulders at 11@11½c. Lard—Sales of 600 bbls and tcs Western at 15½@16½c for steam and kettle rendered. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 25@30c, and prime Western and Pennsylvania at 35@45c. Cheese—Sales of prime factory at 18½@19c. Eggs sell at 40@42c ₱ doz.

COTTON—About 1100 bales of Middlings sold at 24½@25¼c for Uplands, and 25½@25¾c for New Orleans.

BARK—85 hhds of 1st No 1 Quercitron sold at $42,50 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—Sales of yellow at 42@43c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $2@4,50 ₱ bbl. Dried Fruit—Sales of Apples at 4½@9c, Peaches at 14@15½c for halves, 9@10½c for quarters, and 20@25c ₱ lb for pared.

IRON—In Pig Metal there is no material change to notice. Sales of No 1 Anthracite at $42@43, and No 2 at $38@40. Scotch Pig is quiet at $42 ₱ ton, and Forge at $35@37,50 ₱ ton. Manufactured Iron commands $87,50 ₱ ton for Bars.

SEEDS—Cloverseed: 700 bus sold at 97@7,75, according to quality. Timothy we quote at $2,65@2,75. Flaxseed is selling at $2,58@2,62 ₱ bus.

TALLOW—Sales of city rendered are reported at 12@12½c.

WOOL—There has been more doing. About 320,000 lbs sold at 55c for extra; 52½c for fine; 51c for one-half blood; 50c for one quarter blood; 45@47c for common; 60@61c for tub; 32@36c for unwashed, and 40@45c for pulled, as to quality.

THE SWISS WOMEN.—Dr. Holland writes from Switzerland, that the effect of the introduction of women into all the work and business of men, is simply the universal degradation of both. The whole laboring population are in the hands of the capitalists simply because the service of men and women is interchangeable. They have gained nothing, and lost everything by putting, indiscriminately, into every field of labor the labor of their women.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 2100 head. The prices realized from 8½@9 cts ₱ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 65 ₱ head. Sheep—9000 head were disposed of at from 4½@6c ₱ lb. 6000 Hogs sold at from $11,00 to 11,50 ₱ 100 lbs.

☞ One Sunday evening, not long since, as a horse-car in one of the suburban towns was waiting at a "turn-out" for another car, the driver and conductor threw themselves on the grass by the side of the road, and were conversing together, when a son of Erin, with his "auld woman" and three children passed along. "Hullo, Pat," says the conductor, "all those children yours?" "No," said Pat, "half of 'em are mine."

Why Not?—Why should not as rich and delicate a "Cologne Water" be made here as abroad? The city, which, according to Coleridge, has forty vile smells in addition to its celebrated *odour*, has never produced any *Eau de Cologne* superior to that now manufactured by Joseph Burnett & Co., of Boston and New York.

☞ A rock-fish, recently taken from the Potomac, was found to contain in its stomach a certificate of membership in the M. E. Church. Internal evidence of Christianity is always considered the most conclusive.

REVEREND FRIEND!—I have discovered a positive cure for Consumption and General Remedy for all disorders of the Lungs and Throat. It completely cured me and hundreds of acquaintances. I will give $1000 for a case it will not relieve; indeed so great is my faith, I will send a sample FREE to any fellow sufferer who will address yours faithfully, JAMES WYATT, S. E. cor. Broadway and Fulton st., New York. dec5-4t

☞ A woman who has a good figure does not require too low a dress to make one aware of it; but a badly made girl cannot suppose that undressing herself will prove what the bare fact denies.

Catarrh, Catarrh—Disgusting Complaint.

Get pint bottles of Wolcott's ANNIHILATOR. It will cure it. And if you have rheumatism, or any pain, get Wolcott's PAIN PAINT, in white wrappers, at all druggists. dec19-2t

A Splendid Holiday Present.—"*The Most Laughable Thing on Earth!*"—A game that can be played by any number of persons; is susceptible of 50,000 changes; endless transformations of wit and humor; producing roars of laughter. Just the thing for old folks and young folks, evening parties, and dull days. A sure cure for home sickness and the blues. Sent, post-paid, per return mail, on receipt of 50 cents; three for $1. Address WALLKILL VALLEY TIMES, Montgomery, Orange County, N. Y. dec5-4t

The Bowen Microscope,

Magnifying 500 times, mailed for 50 CENTS. THREE for $1.00. Address F. P. BOWEN, Box 992, Boston, Mass. je27-tf

MAGNETIC Healing Institute and Conservatory of Spiritual Science, No. 17 Great Jones street, New York. All diseases, including Cancer and Consumption, cured. Consultations on all subjects. oct3-1m

The Great Pictorial Annual.

Hostetter's United States Almanac for 1869, for distribution, *gratis*, throughout the United States and all civilized countries of the Western Hemisphere, will be published about the first of January, and all who wish to understand the true philosophy of health should read and ponder the valuable suggestions it contains. In addition to an admirable medical treatise on the causes, prevention and cure of a great variety of diseases, it embraces a large amount of information interesting to the merchant, the mechanic, the miner, the farmer, the planter, and professional man; and the calculations have been made for such meridians and latitudes as are most suitable for a correct and comprehensive NATIONAL CALENDAR.

The nature, uses, and extraordinary sanitary effects of HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS, the staple tonic and alterative of more than half the Christian world, are fully set forth in its pages, which are also interspersed with pictorial illustrations, valuable recipes for the household and farm, humorous anecdotes, and other instructive and amusing reading matter, original and selected. Among the Annuals to appear with the opening of the year, this will be one of the most useful, and *may be had for the asking*. Send for copies to the Central Manufactory, at Pittsburg, Pa., or to the nearest dealer in HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS. The BITTERS are sold in every city, town and village of the United States. dec5-4t

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs. Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-eow-tf

B. T. BABBITT'S ARTICLES OF EVERY DAY USE.

Family and *Toilet Soaps*. The very best.

Soap Powder. The great labor-saving compound.

Concentrated Potash. The ready soap-maker.

Saleratus, warranted *pure* and *unadulterated*.

Super Carb. Soda and *Star Yeast Powder* of superior quality.

Lion Coffee, guaranteed pure, and in flavor unsurpassed.

For sale by Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia, and at the manufactory, Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 73 and 74 Washington street, and 43 and 44 West street, New York. B. T. BABBITT. feb28-1y

Upham's Depilatory Powder

Removes superfluous hair from any part of the body in *five minutes*, without injury to the skin. Sent by mail for $1.25.

Upham's Asthma Cure

Relieves the most violent paroxysms in *five minutes*, and effects a speedy cure. Price $2 by mail.

The Japanese Hair Stain

Colors the whiskers and hair a beautiful *black* or *brown*. It consists of *only one preparation*. 75 cts. by mail. Address S. C. UPHAM, 115 South Seventh street, Philadelphia. Circulars sent free. Sold by all Druggists. oct17-13t

HUNT'S COURT TOILET POWDER is superior to any other for whitening the skin. It does not rub off or injure the complexion. No lady should be without this justly celebrated requisite for the toilet. The sale for the last eight years has been unparalleled. Price 50 cents. Sold everywhere. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

Hunt's Bloom of Roses.

A delicate color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off, and warranted not to injure the skin, can only be removed with vinegar, and cannot be detected with a microscope. It remains permanent for years, and can in no manner be discovered from the natural flush of health, and excites universal admiration. Price $1. Sent by mail for $1.13. T. W. Evans, Perfumer, 41 South Eighth St., Philadelphia. sep26-1y

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT are the safest and best remedies known for the whooping cough. A few doses of the Pills, with the Ointment at same time rubbed thoroughly into the chest and throat, will relieve the most violent cases.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. John H. Castle, DAVID E. LEWIS, of Darby, Del. county, to HARRIET R. GAUL, of Kingsessing, Phila.

On the 5th instant, by Hon. Morton McMichael, Mr. HENRY SHREVE, of Alliance, Ohio, to Miss BELLE G. COATES, of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. Dickerson, Mr. RICHARD H. BROWN to Miss HANNAH L. ZELLNER, both of this city.

On the 3d instant, by the Rev. J. D. Newlin, ROBERT HILLBORD to MARY IDA, daughter of J. B. Dyott, M. D., both of this city.

On the 26th of Nov., by Friends' ceremony, WILLIAM H. MATTHEWS, of Bridgeton, N. J., to MARIANNA, daughter of John Gibbs, of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Saml. Durborow, Mr. W. H. HEINTAND to Miss JULIA M. OGDEN, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 8th instant, ELIZABETH, widow of the late Right Rev. H. U. Onderdonk, D. D., in her 81st year.

On the 8th instant, HANNAH B. YOUNG, in her 79th year.

On the 8th instant, CANARY, widow of the late Chas. Dunning.

On the 7th instant, SARAH, wife of Wm. S. Helverson, aged 39 years.

On the 6th instant, CHARLES M. KING, eldest son of the late Robt. P. King, in his 28th year.

On the 7th instant, CHRISTIAN KNAEL, in his 78th year.

On the 6th instant, SARAH H. EXELEY, in her 47th year.

On the 8th instant, JOSEPH H. SPENCER, in his 65th year.

On the 8th instant, ROSEANNA C. FORNER, in her 76th year.

$10 GIVEN AWAY!—Address O. R. BRIGGS & CO., corner William and Liberty St., N. Y., or 125 Clark St., Chicago. dec12-4t

IMPROVEMENT IN

CABINET ORGANS.

(*PATENTED* 1868.)

THE

MASON & HAMLIN

IMPROVED VOX HUMANA

Is a new invention, now ready in several styles of the MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS, to which the manufacturers invite attention, believing that it is likely to prove

THE MOST POPULAR IMPROVEMENT EVER MADE

in instruments of this class.

It is now several years since the invention and application to such instruments as the VOX HUMANA, which was first applied by its inventor to the Organs of Mason & Hamlin, who were urged to introduce it to the public. In its then imperfect state, and especially considering its liability to get out of order, they were unwilling to adopt it. From that time continuous experiments for its improvement have been made in the factory of the Mason & Hamlin Organ Company and elsewhere, which have at last been eminently successful, the result being the MASON & HAMLIN IMPROVED VOX HUMANA, combining several patents.

In combination with the AUTOMATIC BELLOWS SWELL, used only in these Organs, it wonderfully increases the capacity and beauty of the instrument, imparting delicious qualities of tone, and producing novel and exquisite effects; especially adding to its variety and delicacy of expression, and increasing, somewhat, its power. The peculiar excellencies of several Orchestral Instruments are successfully imitated; and altogether as frequently characterized by organists, "the effect is fascinating." It is simple in construction, free from liability to get out of order, and requires no additional skill for its use, being operated by the ordinary action of the bellows, requiring no separate pedal.

Styles and Prices.

Attention is invited to the new styles of Organs, and new scale of prices announced this month.

NEW STYLE, No. 21—FIVE STOP DOUBLE REED CABINET ORGAN, with Vox Humana. Case of solid Black Walnut, carved and panelled, new design. Stops Diapason, Viola, Melodia, Flute, Vox Humana. *The best Organ of its size that can be made.* Price $170.

NEW STYLE, No. 22—The same Organ, in Rosewood Case. Price $200.

NEW STYLE, No. 39—The same in Pipe Organ style of Case, Carved and Panelled, Walnut, with richly Gilt Pipes. Price $300.

NEW STYLE, No. 27—SUB-BRASS AND OCTAVE COUPLER CABINET ORGAN, FIVE STOPS—Diapason, Principal, Octave Coupler, Sub-Bass, Vox Humana. Solid Walnut Case. Each key commands four separate reeds or vibrators. An Organ of surprising power and brilliancy, and great variety. Price $210.

STYLE No. 1—FOUR OCTAVE ORGAN—Solid Walnut Case, plain. Price $50.

STYLE No. 3—FOUR OCTAVE DOUBLE REED ORGAN. Solid Walnut Case, plain. Price $75.

STYLE A—FIVE OCTAVES, ONE STOP—TREMULANT, with one set of Vibrators throughout, and Knee Swell. Carved and Panelled Walnut Case. Price $100.

STYLE C—FIVE OCTAVES, FIVE STOPS, VIOLA, DIAPASON, MELODIA, FLUTE, TREMULANT, with two sets of Vibrators throughout, and Knee Swell. Carved and Panelled Walnut Case. Price $125.

MANY OTHER STYLES AT PROPORTIONATE RATES.

The superiority of the MASON & HAMLIN ORGANS is well established. They are the ACKNOWLEDGED STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE among instruments of the class; were awarded the PARIS EXPOSITION MEDAL, and have been honored with an amount and degree of commendation from the musical profession of this and other countries never given to any other instrument.

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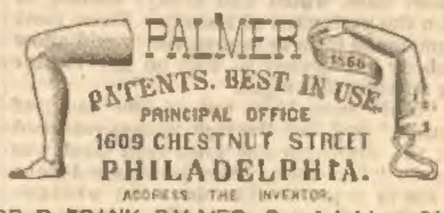

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DR. PALMER gives personal attention to the business of his profession, aided by men of the best qualifications and greatest experience. He is specially commissioned by the GOVERNMENT, and has the patronage of the prominent OFFICERS of the ARMY and NAVY. SIX MAJOR-GENERALS and more than a thousand less distinguished officers and soldiers have worn the PALMER LIMBS on active duty, while still greater numbers of eminent civilians are, by their aid, filling important positions, and effectually conceal their misfortune.

All Genuine "PALMER LIMBS" have the name of the inventor affixed.

Pamphlets, which contain the *New Rules for Amputations*, and full information for *persons in want of limbs*, sent free to applicants, by mail or otherwise.

The attention of Surgeons, Physicians, and all persons interested, is most respectfully solicited.

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To avoid the imposition of PIRATICAL COPYISTS, apply only to DR. PALMER, as above directed. oct30-1y

AGENTS WANTED FOR

"THE BLUE-COATS,

And how they Lived, Fought and Died for the Union, with Scenes and Incidents in the Great Rebellion." It contains over 100 fine Engravings and 500 pages, and is the spiciest and cheapest war book published. Price only $2.50 per copy. Send for circulars and see our terms, and full description of the work. Address JONES BROTHERS & CO., Philadelphia, Pa. oct17-tf

A MUSICAL GEM.—Just published a beautiful collection of Vocal and Instrumental Music, entitled

THE OPERA BOUFFE.

Comprising the choicest pieces from Offenbach's celebrated operas of La Grande Duchesse, La Belle Helene, Barbe Bleue (Blue Beard), Orpheus, Genevieve de Brabant. Boards, $2.50; cloth, $3; cloth, full gilt, $4. Sent, post-paid, on receipt of price.

Also in press, a new book, entitled "WREATH OF GEMS," comprising nearly 100 of the choicest Songs, Ballads and Duets of the day. Price, same as "THE OPERA BOUFFE."

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Publishers,
277 Washington Street, Boston.
CHARLES H. DITSON & CO.,
711 Broadway, New York.

WHEN THE GRASS SHALL COVER ME.

When the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot where I am lying;
When not any wind that blows,
Summer-blooms nor winter-snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing;
Close above me as you pass,
You will say: "How kind she was,"
You will say: "How true she was,"
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth's warm bosom;
While I laugh, or weep, or sing,
Nevermore, for anything:
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet, small voices, odorous,
Tender pleaders in my cause,
That shall speak me as I was—
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah, beloved, in my sorrow
Very patient, I can wait—
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow:
When your heart will moan: "Alas!
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was—"
When the grass grows over me!

—*Overland Monthly.*

THE ABBOT'S POOL.

IN SIX CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER II.—(*Continued.*)

During the night the impending snow fell heavily. When Mrs. Denbigh drew up her window-blind, and looked out next morning, it was on a world as white as her wedding-veil.

The snow lasted all through the week, and was lying deep and hard frozen on the ground when Mr. Denbigh brought home his bride. It was quite dark, except for the dreary cold light from the white ground, when their fly drove along the village street, and turned up the narrow lane which led to Abbot's Portion. As it stopped at the gate, the door was flung open, and old Isott appeared, with a lighted candle and a beaming face. The little entrance-hall looked cheerful; still more cheerful looked the sitting-room, of which the open door gave a sight, all bright with fire and candle, and gay with white papering and soft moss carpet, and groups of low chairs and graceful little tables, and endless dainty devices, all wonderfully unlike the usual fittings in the "best parlor" of a country surgeon's wife. Elsie Denbigh had hardly time for an exclamation of delighted surprise, for her husband's one idea was to get her out of the cold; and it was not until he had almost carried her to the fireside, and unfastened her many wrappers, that she could look round and take in the gay bridal effect of the room.

"How beautiful!" she cried, when at last she had studied every detail of delicate chintz and fresh well-chosen furniture; "and all my own belongings from the cottage, fitted in, as if they had always been here! Are you a conjurer, Philip? Ah, now I know why you had business here, and left me for nearly a whole day. How charming it all is!"

"Do you really like it, Elsie? Does it please you? Are you sure?"

"Like it? Do I not? What an array of books!" She kneeled to examine the bookshelves, which filled a recess near the fireplace. "You will read to me, won't you, Philip, and teach me to like all the books that you are fond of? And O, a grand piano!"

"It has always been my ambition to give you that, Elsie; sit down and sing me one of your songs—worth all the books that ever were written."

Elsie obeyed, and for the next hour sang song after song; her husband listening, as he leaned back in his easy-chair, to the sweet voice which had always seemed to him the perfection of melody. Then Isott summoned them to supper, and would allow nobody but herself to wait on her master or mistress that night.

"This room looks out at the back, of course," said Mrs. Denbigh, as they returned to the drawing-room after their meal was over. "How many years have passed since I was in it last!" She drew the window-curtain and looked out. "How weird and strange the garden looks!" she said to her husband, who had not followed her; "all the bushes standing up like so many ghosts in their white shrouds! And that is the Abbot's Pool, I suppose—that dark spot under the tree? It looks strange to me seen from here."

She drew the curtain with some exclamation about the cold, and came to her husband's side, shivering.

"You have caught cold. You are ill, Elsie. Do you feel faint?"

"O no; something seemed to strike me cold in a moment. Isott would say that some one was walking over my grave."

"Sit down," he said, and drew a chair to the fire, adding, in his quick, professional manner, "never neglect a shiver. Are you warmer? You are sure? Let me feel your hand again."

"Quite well now. I think the old Abbot's Pool Ghost must have had some idea of appearing to me, do you know? I am glad he thought better of it, and didn't. You can't think how strange I felt for a moment—quite suddenly—as I was looking at that gloomy place."

"It is a gloomy place," he said, still chafing her hands. Some of these days we'll leave it far away, Elsie. There, I've put some warmth into these poor little chilled fingers at last."

To hide some vague feeling of discomfort which still hung about her, she turned to a table where several wedding presents and other ornaments were arranged, and took up a basket of old-fashioned card filigree, in which a number of rolled papers, pink, blue, and yellow, stood up like soldiers at drill.

"What a kind old-fashioned thought of old Miss Ducane's," she said, smiling. "Have you seen her present to me, Philip—a set of Shakespeare characters? Shall I draw and try my fate? Though it is rather late in the day for that." Laughing, she drew out a pink paper, but her countenance changed as she read it, and she handed it to her husband, saying: "I don't think they should put anything so painful and horrid as that?"

It was the sentence from Richard the Third:

"Have not to do with him: beware of him:
Sin, Death, and Hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him."

"Tear it up," said Philip Denbigh, curtly.

"But they are all arranged in order; it will spoil the set."

"Then the set must be spoilt. Tear up the paper."

Elsie had never heard that tone of command before, and she wondered to see how his eyebrows were drawn together until they nearly met, and how he watched her obedient fingers, as if she could not tear the offending paper into morsels small enough.

When it was done, he took up the heap of letters awaiting him, and became buried in their contents; but while Elsie moved softly about, accustoming herself to the new room and the new life, she now and then met his eyes, fixed on her with a look she could not understand, and which was instantly withdrawn when their glances met. She resolved to put the obnoxious present out of sight next morning; nor did she feel quite happy until he had finished reading his letters, and had spoken to her again in his usual voice and manner.

On the following morning a thaw had set in. Everything was dripping and dropping, and when Mr. Denbigh mounted his horse, after breakfast, to go on his rounds, he recommended his wife not to set foot outside the door all day. She promised to obey, unless it should turn out temptingly fine, and during the morning was fully occupied; for old Isott seized upon her, and insisted on her undergoing a display of the contents of every drawer, closet, and cupboard, and of the inventories thereunto belonging. This got over at last, she ate her solitary luncheon, and after that found plenty to do in arranging her possessions, so that it was not until late in the afternoon that she came into her drawing-room to see that the fire was bright and ready for her husband's return. It struck her that the empty flower-vases looked dreary, and wanted a dash of color to set off their whiteness; the sun shining in at the moment, she hastily put on cloak, and hat, and clogs, and sallied out to gather some sprays of holly, of which plenty grew on the banks of the Abbot's Pool.

Down the slippery garden walk she went with careful steps, and up the green bank, more slippery still, which overhung the deep hollow where the half-frozen waters lay. A shower of melting snow fell from a bush as she drew a bough down towards her; and as she bent forward, shaking off the drops from her cloak and hair, she saw something glistening in the wet grass at her feet. She stooped to pick it up, and it was a ring—a ring of curious workmanship, with a ruby set in it. The sight was a strange one to her. Just such a ring had been one of the few ornaments left her by her mother, and she had given it to her first husband on the very evening when they wished each other that sad, long good-by. The coincidence was a strange one, she thought, and, with a thrill of superstitious alarm, she remarked how exact a resemblance it was; the shape and size of the stone, the peculiar antique setting; even a little flaw she remembered in her ruby was repeated in this stone. She could scarcely believe that she did not really hold in her hand the love-token which had gone down into the deep sea on her dead husband's finger.

She walked back to the house sadly, and, when she found herself in the fast darkening bedroom, was seized with a fit of eerie spectral terror. She flung her hat and cloak on the bed, and was rushing down at full speed to the drawing-room, where candles had just been placed, when her husband, coming in at the front door, almost caught her in his arms.

She was surprised by the quickness with which he perceived that something was amiss, and at the sharp tone, almost expressive of some keen anxiety, in which he asked—

"What is it? What has happened?"

She told him, as they stood together by the drawing-room fire: ending with the very natural question:

"Is it not strange? I never saw a ring in the least like it anywhere, and this is exactly the same."

He roughly snatched the ring out of her hand, exclaiming—

"Throw it into the fire—don't touch it—throw it away!"

Elsie's first impulse, then as always, was to submit; but in a moment she recollected that the ring must belong to somebody, and that it was of real value. As she stooped to rescue it, he held her back, angrily.

"I won't have you perpetually harking back to that old story. Everything you see, every trifle that happens, you twist into some recollection of what you ought never to think of more. You wrong me in your thoughts, Elsie, every hour of the day."

Dismayed, astonished, and scared, Elsie drew back, and hastily bared her arm, where his iron fingers had left their purple marks. She looked at the bruise with the piteous look of a child that has received a hurt, and presently tears began to flow. But he was by no means softened at the sight; with unabated anger he went on—

"What is it you suppose? What is it you assert? Let me know at once, all you are thinking."

"What can I think?" she said, looking up in wonder. "I do not understand you today, Philip. Of course this ring must have been dropped by somebody; but it is so like the ring I gave—" She stopped, afraid of again rousing his jealous temper, and pleaded: "Any one would have been startled, Philip; you should not—you should not—" And here broke down and began to cry.

He took several turns up and down the room, then stopped, close to her, as she stood leaning on the mantel-piece.

"Elsie, stop those sobs. Stop them at once, if you do not want to drive me mad. Crying? Are you actually crying because I have been a brute to you? And I vowed I would never cause you one tear! Oh, my darling, my darling, forgive me?"

The tears vanished in smiles.

"You did frighten me for a minute," she said; "but it is over now. You take everything too seriously, Philip."

"Do I? Dear with me, Elsie, bear with me, for if I loved you less I should take things less to heart. Dry your eyes, and think no more about it now, my poor, poor little darling."

"Do you pity me?" asked Elsie, all bright and happy again; "indeed you need not; and look! here is the ring; it has fallen quite harmlessly under the grate."

"Give it to me," said her husband, holding out his hand. "I will advertise it in the local paper. You know Abbot's Pool has been a lion in a small way; but I shall put an end to all that now, and lock up the field."

"Here it is," said Elsie; "surely it is not hot."

"No; why?"

"I fancied that you shrank, as if it burnt your fingers."

Next day she asked her husband if he had taken any steps about the advertisement; he curtly answered that he had settled it all; and she, being a woman of a yielding disposition and no great curiosity, remained satisfied with the answer.

CHAPTER III.

"Why any secret? I love not secrets."

The honeymoon was over, the ordeal of wedding visits gone through, and the doctor and his wife settled down into home life. Philip Denbigh had well said that Elsie was the only woman in the world for him; and every hour of close wedded union deepened his passionate affection for her. His nature, reserved and intense in everything was one which peculiarly needed to repose on "the soft pillow of a woman's mind;" and though not by any means his equal in intellect, she very soon learned to enter into many of the subjects that interested him, and to like them for their own sake as well as for his. And yet, while every hour gave her fresh proofs of his devotion to her, while she saw that his fond looks followed her whenever they were in company together, and that her soft voice was always heard by him in ever so large a party, Elsie had arrived, within the first year of their marriage, at the conclusion that, for some reason beyond her ken, her husband was not happy, and, moreover, that he did not fully trust her. He was unaccountably anxious to study the address of every letter she received, and he had a habit of cross-examining her minutely, and with a restless eagerness which he tried in vain to conceal, as to whom she had seen and what she had done during his absence; it often happened that he would recur to the subject long after she had finished her simple history, turning on her with a sudden sharp questioning, as if he suspected her of trying to conceal or falsify something. More than once some chance inaccuracy in her statement had worked him up into just such an unreasonable storm as she had seen on the day when she found the ring; but he was always so sorry afterwards, and so grieved to have grieved her, that she learned to dread these scenes far more on his account, than for the passing pain they caused herself.

At first she always considered that she was to blame when he fell into these strange fits of temper; but she was soon half vexed, half comforted, to find that his captious and suspicious ways were discussed with lively interest in the kitchen.

"I don't know what ever have a come to 'un. It's enough to drive a body maze-mad," old Isott declared with free-spoken wrath. "He 've as good as told I a score o' times this year as I were a trying for to deceive 'un. I tell 'un I never did tell lies when I were young, and 't aint likely as I'd begin now, as I'll soon have to gie an account. Master bain't half the gentleman as he used to be, and I don't care who hears me say so."

But, in spite of these growls, Isott vigorously snubbed her underlings if they ventured to make any remarks to the same effect in her presence.

One hot August afternoon, when the earth seemed to lie baking and panting under the fierce heat of the sun, Mr. Denbigh was walking, with rapid strides, across the field at the back of his house. It was a short cut from some parts of the village, but of late he had seldom used it. On this occasion he crossed the grass almost at a run, vaulted over the low gate which led into the garden, and was soon at the drawing-room window. The outside blinds were down, and the room looked cool and pleasant in their green shade; the perfume of jasmine and roses, and lemon-scented verbena, breathed from the flower-vases; and Elsie, in her white summer dress, was seated at the open window. She began an exclamation at her husband's worn, fagged looks, but he interrupted her:

"I can't stop. I only came to tell you that I was right in what I feared this morning. Those Bailey children have scarlet fever, undoubtedly, in its worst form. That poor little boy is dead already, and the four others are down. Fools that they are! Never calling one in till it is too late."

"Oh, how sorry I am!"

"Yes, I don't see what chance any of them have in that close nest of cottages; it must spread like wildfire. And it has been for a week in the work-house wards at Slowcombe."

"Will that give you more work?"

"Of course; I have sent for help from Brixham, but, till it comes, I must do all the work, so don't wait dinner for me."

"But can't you come in and take a mutton chop? No? Well, some cold meat? A glass of wine, at least?" said Elsie, diminishing her offers as he shook his head at every suggestion.

"I shall do very well; only, love, don't expect me till you see me, and, above all, don't sit up."

"But can I do nothing to help these poor people? Do they want nothing?"

"Nothing? Everything! Go to Mrs. Carter, dearest, and see what woman's wit can devise to help the sick, and, above all, to feed up and care for those who are still well; prevention is better than cure. Only, whatever happens, I won't have you run into the slightest danger; mind that."

Then followed two months during which Mrs. Denbigh scarcely saw her husband, though she heard of him from many people, and never without praise and blessing. It was a sharp conflict that he waged with the plague fiend, and he brought to the service all the power of science and skill, assisted by the thoroughness which was his great characteristic. Though he seemed to have more on his hands than any human being could accomplish, no one was neglected, no blunders were made, nobody could complain of forgetfulness or undue hurry on the doctor's part, and many were dragged back from the very brink of the grave. He really seemed to live without eating or sleeping; and even when assistance came from elsewhere, he only entered his own house for a hurried meal, a cold bath, an hour's sleep, and, above all, the word and kiss to his wife, which, as he truly told her, were more to him than sleep.

With the freshening days of October, the fever abated, the fresh cases became fewer every day, and many of the sick began to recover. The vicar's wife, who had been managing a dispensary, while Mrs. Denbigh had undertaken certain arrangements for feeding some of those yet unstricken, reported that they had better join forces, most of the convalescents having reached a stage to require kitchen physic. And at last there came an evening when Mr. Denbigh entered his house as it was growing dusk, and announced to his delighted wife, that, unless specially summoned, he should not go out again that night.

"Never mind about dinner, Elsie," he said; "if you have dined, tea will be much more to the purpose." And he passed on to his dressing-room. When he entered the sitting-room again, it was glowing with the brightness of fire and candle; the chintz curtains were drawn to exclude the dreary wet daylight; the arm-chair was drawn temptingly near the fire; and the choice white tea-service, which Elsie only used on rare occasions, sent out its fragrance from its own particular little table. Elsie herself knelt on the hearth, the firelight glancing on her shining hair and the few bright ornaments on her dark dress, as she coaxed the kettle into boiling. It was a picture of home comfort, and Philip Denbigh seemed for once to give himself up entirely to the enjoyment of the moment, as he sank back into the depths of his arm-chair to his well-earned repose.

"Thank you," he roused himself to say, as his wife arranged a tempting little meal at his elbow on another small table; "I ought to be waiting on you, my love, not you on me; but somehow I am strangely tired."

"No wonder; but you are only tired, not ill, are you?" she asked, with sudden alarm. "Oh, Philip, how hot your head is!"

She noticed, too, that he only played with the food which Isott had carefully prepared, and at length he owned that it was of no use to try to eat it.

"But don't look so scared, Elsie," he said, smiling. "My hour has not struck yet."

"I can't get out of the trick of feeling anxious," she returned; "though it is very faithless of me, when you have so many prayers to guard you. If you could hear, Philip, how these poor mothers speak of you! They are so grateful!"

"Grateful? God help them, poor wretches! they've little enough to be grateful to me for," said Mr. Denbigh, heavily. "How many of them find life so pleasant, do you think, that they need be very overpowering in their thankfulness?"

"Most of them; nearly all, I am sure. The poorest of them have something to love, and, therefore, something to live for. Surely, Philip, you and I, of all people, should never talk as if life were not worth having."

"Maybe so; but for my part, with every case I brought round, I wondered if the child—they were most of them children, you know—wouldn't live to curse me for not letting it die."

Oh! Of a child one may sometimes feel that, but it is a faithless feeling still—is it not? God, who has allowed you to save them, has surely done so for some good, wise purpose, and for their own happiness."

"It is all a lottery," said Mr. Denbigh, gloomily; "the circumstances make the saint or the sinner. Do you suppose that Cain or Judas, or any others whose names are a byword for all that is bad, were really one whit worse than dozens and hundreds of respectable folks, who have lived respected, and had all the shops shut on their funeral day? Not they. It all depends on the amount of temptation that is thrown in a man's way, whether he stands or falls."

"But surely," said Elsie, rather bewildered, "it is not as if we were at the mercy of chance; surely God sends all our trials according to what He knows to be best for us?"

"Yes, that is the correct theory, I know, and certainly a comfortable one, doing away with any semblance of human responsibility. If omnipotence and omniscience arrange all the scenes of the play, well and good. Man is only a puppet in their hands; let them look to it."

He spoke bitterly and incoherently, and Elsie was silent a moment, shocked at his expressions.

"I do not know you to-night, Philip," she then said, looking anxiously in his face; "you are tired out. Won't you go to bed? Think how long it is since you have had a night's unbroken rest. You will take a more hopeful view of life, and of your fellow-creatures to-morrow, I am sure."

"It is longer still since I have heard you sing," he answered. "Have not you a book of solemn old chants somewhere? I am not in tune for anything else to-night."

She searched among her music, and presently her sweet low voice began to chant the Dies Iræ, with a mournful pathetic expression, which peculiarly suited the grand old melody and the touching words, in which faith and hope are struggling with something akin to despair. Her husband leaned his head on his hand, as he listened intently to the passionate pleading of every solemn verse.

"Seeking me Thy worn feet hasted,
On the cross Thy soul death tasted;
Let not all those toils be wasted?"

sang Elsie, and, as the last notes died away, he rose abruptly, saying, "I am tired out, Elsie, and my head aches. I will go to bed."

His wife soon followed him, but before midnight she was at Isott's door with a frightened summons. He had awakened from a short sleep to find the pain in his head violently increased, and was in a state of so much fever that Mrs. Denbigh was dreadfully frightened. He was quite conscious, however, and would not hear of her sending for Mr. Scott; indeed, she had not confidence enough in Mr. Scott's skill to care to press the matter; and she was presently comforted by Isott's pronouncing that he was merely over-tired, and recommending that universal panacea, a cup of tea. It did him good, for he fell into a sleep. It was so uneasy a one, however, that Mrs. Denbigh would not risk disturbing him by lying down again herself, but joined the old servant, who sat keeping watch over the teapot by the fire in the dressing-room.

"He seems to be dreaming very miserably, and he is so feverish," she whispered. "Do you really think it is not going to be anything bad?"

"Lor' bless ye, no," said Isott, reassuringly; "he be just a downright tired out, that's what he be. To my mind, he ha'n't been really like hisself this ever so long."

"I have sometimes thought that too," said Elsie, too frightened not to speak plainly to this tried old friend of her husband's. "I have fancied him out of spirits, O, this long time." And she glanced through the open door at the bed where he lay, his countenance looking most careworn and haggard in his uneasy sleep.

"My dear," said Isott, in a mysterious whisper, "he do love ye better'n anything as ever he've a got; whatever be a troubling of him, it bain't nothing as you've got a call to be jealous of; you be sure of that."

"O, surely yes," Elsie said, smiling at the preposterous idea that she could be jealous.

"Well, then," the old woman went on, "supposin' he've a got some secret as he do keep from ye, it bain't nothing of that sort, and maybe, if he'd take courage, and up and tell ye, he'd be a deal easier once 't was over."

Mrs. Denbigh felt and looked surprised, but did not know what to say, and Isott went on rapidly: "I be a foolish old 'oman like enough, but sure I am he ha'n't never been the same since that there strange gentleman came here the night afore you and he was married. What! he never told ye, eh?" she added, quickly, seeing her mistress's bewildered looks.

"I do not think he ever did," said Mrs. Denbigh, collecting all her soft dignity; "so, Isott, don't you tell me either, for I should not like to hear it at all, unless I hear it from him."

"Lor' bless ye, Mrs. Denbigh, I ha'n't a got nothing to tell ye. 'Twas only as I were up late, over in my cottage there, ironing out Jonathan's shirt, and I seed a light in the surgery parlor, and I looked across and seed he and a strange man a standing between the light and the window talking. There, my dear, that be all, I do assure ye."

"Well, that is not much certainly. What makes you tell me of it? I don't understand."

"Strangers be scarce in Sedgbrook," said Isott, bluntly, "and strangers like that, too, with a lot of nasty hair stuff all about his mouth and chin, and the hair o' his head Lord knows how long, and his face all one as the color of that there brown table-cover. Not as I saw much of 'un, 't were master as I did look at, and as sure as you're alive, my dear, he'd brought him some bad news or other; for master'd got a look on his face as I never seed there afore—though many and many's the time I've seen it there since."

Mrs. Denbigh felt uncomfortable. Still, she felt that to discuss Philip's affairs with a servant, even so old and tried a servant as Isott, was not seemly, and, rather reproaching herself for having listened so far, she began, "Well, Isott, when Mr. Denbigh is well, I will ask him about it, you may be sure."

"Do ye, my dear, do ye," said Isott, interrupting her eagerly. "Now that be the very reason why I've a telled ye all this. Suppose master have a got into debts with this here new furnishing, or suppose there be any trouble as he've a got into afore he was a courting of you. Lord bless ye, young men will be young men! Why, it's only natural as he shouldn't like to tell ye, and nothing'll ever put it out of my mind as that there queer, furrin-looking chap were either a bullying him for money, or trying for to break off his marriage wi' you, or sum'at o' that. So now, my dear, do ye try and make 'un tell ye about it; for 'tis a nasty tiresome feel for a man to have sum'at as he's bound to keep from his missus. Hark! He be a waking."

He had indeed awakened with a great start, and Elsie, going softly to his side, found him sitting up in bed, and could hear him repeating under his breath, very rapidly, the words: "Fear not them that kill the body—that kill the body—but fear Him that can cast both body and soul into hell."

She was overpowered with horror and alarm; but, in another moment, he came to himself, and said in his natural voice, as he sank back on the pillow, "Elsie, how come you to be up at this hour?"

"You have not been well," she answered, keeping her voice steady by an effort; but, dimly as the night light was burning, her white looks did not escape his notice, and the next question was in the sharp anxious voice which she knew so well.

"What have I been saying to make you look like that?"

"Nothing, dearest. I think some texts from the Bible were running in your head—nothing more."

"Nothing more, really?" He held her hand tightly across his burning forehead, while he seemed to collect his thoughts. "Elsie," he resumed, in a calmer tone, "listen to me. I believe this headache and feverishness are nothing but the effect of work and worry; still, it may be the fever. If it should be, you must make me one promise. Let Isott nurse me, and let no one else enter the room, and don't come near me yourself. Promise?"

"I cannot, indeed. How can you ask me?" she cried, much hurt. "Would not you despise any wife who could make or keep such a promise?"

"Promise!" he repeated. "Elsie, you are driving me into a fever; you are driving me mad by refusing; you don't know what you do. Promise!"

With a firm conviction that he was already delirious, she gave the required promise, trusting that she was not very wicked in doing so, without meaning to keep it.

"But I hope you will be better to-morrow," she said, as cheerfully as she could. "Isott thinks you are only knocked up by all you have lately done."

"It is my own belief," he said, and, still holding her hand clasped in his, he soon fell into another sleep; a less uneasy one this time, though still he moaned and muttered. And at every startled waking came the question:

"What have I been saying?"

Towards morning he grew quieter, and Elsie noticed, thankfully, that his forehead and hands were cooler, and his face more like itself. She stole to the window, and stepped behind the curtain to look at the dawn, which was beginning to break; and as she leaned her head against the glass, her thoughts were busy with Isott's suggestion. It comforted her to think that some old debt or boyish scrape was at the bottom of her husband's strange words and ways. That, she thought, would account for everything. His uneven spirits, his suspicious temper, his jealous dread of what she might hear or see, would all be quite natural if he were keeping some secret from her. Her eyes filled with happy hopeful tears, as she pictured herself winning from him his full confidence, and giving him in return the heartfelt assurance, that no extravagance, or folly, or boyish error could in the least diminish her love, or lessen her respect, for him.

"When he is well," she thought, "I will ask him what he has on his mind, and, if he will but tell me, all will be well."

So mused Elsie Denbigh, while her husband within the room tossed and muttered in his feverish sleep; and without the room the reddening sky was reflected in the black waters of the Abbot's Pool.

CHAPTER IV.

"Dear my Lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief."
—*Shakspeare.*

Mr. Denbigh's illness proved not to be serious. A few days of entire rest conquered it. Elsie had by no means forgotten the resolution which had grown out of her talk

with Isott, but it was not easy to find an opportunity of carrying it into effect. Again and again she began little remarks intended to lead up to the great question: "Have you anything on your mind?" And again and again she had not courage to come to the point.

One evening, as they sat together, he suddenly asked her if she had ever read Southey's All for Love, and insisted on reading it through to her. When he had finished, he asked her what she thought of it?

"It is very beautiful," she said, "only I don't feel as if it were natural."

"What! You think the devil no longer goeth about, seeking whom he may devour?"

"I did not mean that. I meant that I do not think Cyra's married life could have been so happy and peaceful with that dreadful man for her husband."

"Indeed? Not when

'He loved her as sincerely,
Most wretched and unhappy man,
As he had bought her dearly.'

Did not that deserve some little return, however bad he might be?"

"I did not say she could not love him. But the more she cared for him, the more she would feel the gulf between them, I think. Oh! it is a wretched heart-breaking story; how glad I am it never really happened!"

"Yes; that is a comfort certainly," he said; and there was a pause, which she broke by saying—

"If there had been nothing else to make the heroine of this poem unhappy, she must have seen that there was an atmosphere about her husband which she could not understand; a something hidden from her. Can anything be more wretched than that?"

She stopped, and, finding herself on the brink of her great subject, blushed so guiltily, that her husband asked, in his sudden, suspicious way, "What are you thinking about?"

She left her place, and came to kneel beside him. She put her arms round his neck, and laid her head on his breast, bending down so that he could not see her face. "I am thinking," she said, with a fast-beating heart, "that I should be so grieved if you ever kept anything from me—anything that was perplexing you, or troubling you! Whatever it was I would so much rather know it, and help you to bear it."

She ended her little speech, rather surprised that he had not interrupted her; he did not even answer or move until she looked up, afraid that she had vexed him. But there was no anger in his face; there was only a grave and troubled look; and all he said was, "What fancies have you got in your head, Elsie?"

"I have thought sometimes, when I have seen you look oppressed and out of spirits, that something—I have no idea what, Philip—was worrying you and making you anxious; perhaps something that you don't like to tell me; and I have so often longed to beg you to trust me, and let me know if there is anything. I could bear it, Philip, indeed, indeed I could bear anything, if I only felt that you did really trust me."

He took her in his arms, and held her clasped in them, smoothing down her long, fair hair.

"Poor child! poor child!" he said, and then there was a deep, heavy sigh, as if it came from a whole world of oppression.

"Philip," she pleaded, returning to the charge, if you have anything that worries you, do tell me. Whatever it is, I shall not mind."

"Not mind? That's a rash promise, Elsie. What if I were to tell you that I have sold myself to the demon, like Eleemon, for your sake?"

Rather hurt at being put off with jests like a silly girl, Mrs. Denbigh collected all her dignity and said—

"You must not laugh at me, Philip. It was your old nurse who first began to be in a fidget about you. She infected me, I think. She has a fancy that you heard some bad news, or were vexed somehow, the night before we were married. Philip, where are you going? What is it?"

"The surgery bell," he answered, already at the door.

He was absent for some moments. Presently he came back.

"No ring. A mistake," he said. "Go on, Elsie. I am curious. I was not aware that Isott took so much interest in my proceedings. What did I hear or do on our wedding day?"

"The night before; but really it is nothing—only I had better tell you, that you may stop old Isott from gossiping;" and she told him all that the old woman had said, and her fancy that he might be suppressing some anxiety or trouble out of consideration for his wife.

"And you know, Philip, I never could bear that," she concluded; "anything but that I should not care for."

"What would you say to me, Elsie, if I had loved you better than God, and Heaven, and my own soul?"

She looked up, half frightened. He watched her wistful face for a moment, then broke into a laugh.

"What a pity so much excitement should be thrown away! Did it never occur to you, or to old Isott, my darling, that medical men sometimes get telegraphic messages at unwonted hours, and that they may look careworn and speak sourly when they are worried out of their wits, without having some deadly secret on hand?"

"Telegraphic messages!" repeated Elsie, slowly, as if pondering over the idea; "was that really it? It was a telegraph-office clerk, then, I suppose? You must think me a goose, Philip, for wondering who it could have been."

He smiled at her folly; then crossing the room to a desk, where he kept his private papers, brought her one of those pencil-written documents at which most of our hearts have sometimes beat high. It was a telegram from Briswick, relating to the state of a former patient, and bearing date the day before their marriage.

Elsie hung her head. He could not bear the sight of her ashamed look, and he stooped and kissed her forehead.

"I will speak to old Isott to-morrow," he said; "those confounded old women who have nursed one and washed one, as a baby, can never be brought to understand that one is old enough to be let alone."

"And you are not angry with me?"

"Angry with you? Oh, my poor child!" he said, sitting down again, with a heavy sigh; "I hoped I should have made you happy, and it seems I have only made you troubled, and anxious, and wretched. It would have been better for you if you had never seen me."

"You must be angry with me, or you would not speak so," she answered. "You know I think myself the happiest woman in the world."

"At all events, you are my wife," he said, abruptly; "you have taken me for better for worse, my poor little thing, and you must 'dree your weird,' whatever comes. So sit down here, Elsie, and let me rest my head on your shoulder while I can; for I am very weary to-night, my love. Oh, Elsie, I am weary, very weary."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE FIGHT INTERRUPTED.

MY FIRST NIGHT
At An Irish Boarding-School.

BY W. H. RUSSELL.

We forget the tears and terrors through which we have passed, or, remembering, smile at our sufferings, exquisite as they were at the time, when we speak of our school-boy life. It was with a feeling of something like dismay that I contemplated the expanse of dark brick, lighted by a solitary lamp over the hall window, which was announced by the doctor's man as the school-house; nor was it diminished when the drawing of bolts and the grating of locks ceased, and a door, partially opened, permitted a fierce face to be seen by the gleam of a candle held high in air, and a gruff voice inquired:

"What kept ye so late, sir?"

"It's the mail was late, Mr. Cuffe—that's what it was. An' there's a lot of luggidge too, for such gossoons."

I had had visions of a hot supper—of blazing fires—of well-lighted rooms, on my arrival; and now I stood with my companion, shivering and hungry, by the yawning expanse of an empty grate, in a gaunt hall, provided with four ancient leather-backed chairs, in which ticked a wheezy but loud-toned clock. The man had deposited our luggage, and Mr. Cuffe, (a tutor) who had been surveying it in intervals of his close examination of ourselves, having shut and bolted the door, said:

"Now, Brady! now Prendergast! which is which? Very well; each of you take up his own things, whatever you want for the night, and I'll show you the way to bed. Don't make a noise, though; do you hear?"

And without waiting a moment, Mr. Cuffe's heels, projecting over the ledge of his slippers, began to move rapidly towards a stair-case in the distance, and the receding light of his candle told us there was no time to be lost if we did not desire to be left in darkness. Maurice and I seized on a box apiece, and were pattering over the oilcloth, when Mr. Cuffe, turning on the staircase, hissed out—

"Hish, there! What d'ye mean by all that noise? Pull off your brogues, you fellows, or you'll have the whole house awake. You must come up the front way."

Maurice and I did as we were told; we were tired, cold, sleepy, and obedient. Again Mr. Cuffe, continued his career—one stair—a vault-like landing—a corridor with polished doors, from which the candle-light was reflected on grim portraits against the wall, terminating in black night—a carpeted floor.

"Make no noise here," whispered Mr. Cuffe. "This is the Doctor's suit."

There was next a carpeted staircase; then another corridor. Mr. Cuffe turned to the left, and at the end halted at a door covered with green baize, which he unlocked, motioning us to pass through, and then locked at the other side. We were in a low, white-washed hall with doors on both sides, and outside each door was a little mound of shoes and boots of all sorts. A sound like the echoes of some distant surf saluted our ears; and Maurice, answering my look of wonder with a nod, said, as we walked along:

"Do you hear them snoring? What a lot of them there must be!"

As Mr. Cuffe proceeded down the passage, he halted now and then and listened at the doors, and I was aware, as we proceeded, of creakings behind us as if one were gently opened.

"This," said Mr. Cuffe, "is your room—No. 7. You have the best in the lot. Boyd is away—Putland is in the sick dormitory; and there's only Grierson and—"

Just at this moment some heavy body, flying through the air and skimming over my head, came from behind. In an instant we were in darkness, as Mr. Cuffe, with one hand on the door-handle, was lighting us into our bedroom.

"I'll pay you off for that! I know you, my boy," gasped the tutor, who had been knocked against the door by a hard bolster, "You boys, go in, and wait till I come with the light. Just look out, O'Brien, for that."

As Mr. Cuffe groped his way along the passage, we heard the door at the end open and shut. In a moment there was a pattering of many feet, and a rustling as of a storm in the air. The noise enveloped us. I was caught by the hair just as I heard Maurice shout out:

"I say, none of that! If you hurt me again, I'll knock you down."

It was a rash threat, and I suffered for it as well as he. The urchins who were around us knew no mercy, and did know the room; and joined by the two boys who were in it, furious at being roused from their sleep, Maurice and I, striking out blindly, were pinched, cuffed, bolstered, and throttled by unseen arms, till a whistle sounded at the end of the passage, when the pattering, rustling, and thumping sound was renewed, and died out in a creaking of doors, and in a minute more a light and Mr. Cuffe, with a candle in a lantern in one hand, and a cane in the other, appeared.

"Och! och! and so they've been bolstering you, have they! You must put a penny to your eye, Brady. Now, you Grierson—you Cole! don't be shamming there. You'll have to report who did it in the morning to the Doctor."

Grierson and Cole were very fast asleep indeed—Cole's snoring was of the most solid and portentous character, indicative of apoplexy; Grierson, who lay in the next crib, had a sweet unconscious expression on his face, which was, however, scarce in character with his puckered-up mouth and shut eye.

"That's your bed, Brady; that's yours, Prendergast. You may lock yourself in to-night. There's your candle. The first bell will ring at half-past six; prayers at seven."

Mr. Cuffe shut the door and retired; and Maurice and I were left to our meditations.

"You'll have a black eye, Terry," said he, "from those blackguards."

"And your mouth is cut, Maurice," returned I. "Let us get to bed; I feel so tired."

As I turned to my box I was aware that Grierson was sitting up in bed, and that Cole had both eyes wide open.

"I say, did I hear you call me a blackguard?" asked Grierson.

"Yes," returned Maurice fiercely; "you or any one who'd attack two strange fellows in the dark like that for nothing."

"Will you be licked to-morrow, or will you have it now?" asked Master Grierson, with much earnestness, getting out of bed as he spoke, and advancing towards Maurice.

I saw that he was a stout, tall, fair-haired chap, with a flat flabby face, at least an inch taller than Prendergast, and I ran in between them, saying:

"No; you shall not hit him. You are a cur; and if you want to fight, you must fight me."

Master Grierson saw, perhaps, I was a little more of his match, though still a year younger and somewhat lighter than he was.

"You're a plucky cub enough, I daresay. Now then, Cole, you hide that fellow, and I'll manage this," and, squaring his arms, he commenced his preparations for battle. Whilst we were parleying in elegant prelude, Maurice had gone to the door, locked it, put the key in his pocket, and coming alongside me, said:

"Terry, I'll stand by you to the last, and we will give them a thrashing for the honor of Kilmoyle. Now come on."

His face was dark with passion; the blood stealing over his lip gave him a savage look; and Cole, who did not quite understand why he should be called on to break his night's sleep, suggested a basis for negotiations of peace.

"If you have got anything in your boxes, we will let you off," he said. "Sha'n't we, Daddy?"

"Let us see what the louts have first, and if it's worth taking, we sha'n't lick them."

And acting in that spirit, Grierson made a rush at the box which stood beside my bed, and which I had been uncording when he thought fit to rouse up. With a spring I stood before him, and shouted:

"You mustn't touch my things;" and as I said so, received a blow in the face which sent me staggering towards the middle of the room. It was but for a second. I knew nothing of boxing, but I was strong and active, and in the twinkling of an eye my knuckles tingled with the sharp, quick jar produced by a blow delivered on a bone, and blood ran from Grierson's lip.

I cannot tell what followed. I was aware that Cole and Maurice were engaged in a similar struggle; whilst Grierson and I pummeled and cuffed each other, and scuffled and wrestled all over the room.

Chairs were overturned—water-bottles and basins and basin-stands went crashing on the floor. Like most Irish boys, we were unacquainted with any scientific mode of giving black eyes and bloody noses, but eyes were puffing and swelling, and noses and lips were bleeding on both sides.

My antagonist was more used to such encounters; but I had learnt a little of a rude sort of wrestling. I had the advantage, besides, of being dressed, whilst he was in his shirt; so, whenever we closed, I generally managed to throw him. Once his head came with force against the edge of my box, and I gasped out, "Do you give in?" and was answered by a feeble blow in the ribs. Still, his strength was failing, and fall after fall brought him nearer to submission; Maurice and Cole, better matched, perhaps, were whirling in the eddies of combat among the beds and overturned chairs.

"Let us in to see fair play." Gentle knocks and urgent entreaties proclaimed the anxiety of the boys, who had been aroused by the scuffle, to join in the fray. But we were little inclined to listen to such appeals. With nostrils distended, fast-closing eyes, dishevelled hair, swollen hands and lips and cheeks, and torn clothes—the only sounds inside the room being our heavy breathing and the thumps of fists, and the knocking about of the scanty furniture—we fought on till a sharp cry escaped from my opponent; and he exclaimed, "Oh, my foot! my foot!" He had trodden on a piece of glass. I was terrified. Cole, hastening to his friend, who was sitting on the bed in agony, ran to the door and cried out:

"Some of you ring the doctor's bell; here's Dick Grierson cut his foot open."

I had seen at my grandfather's people brought in with accidents, and in imitation of what I had observed, I poured out water in a basin, tore a strip off one of the shirts in my box, and bathed the cut; but the glass was inside, and I could not staunch the wound.

Maurice had unlocked the door, and was standing beside Cole, watching the fainting boy with terror and pity, when we were aware of a tall man gliding among us; his white hair flowing over his shoulders from the silver band of a large black velvet cap; his face round and florid and smooth, animated by an expression full of repose and calmness. His figure was shrouded in a dark velvet dressing-gown; and although he had not long been roused, Dr. Ball looked as if he were quite ready to sit for his portrait; his theory, indeed, being, that no one should ever be in such a hurry as not to be able to appear in the utmost propriety of dress. He looked at the scene before him with some kind of curiosity, if not surprise, set down his candlestick with deliberation, and sitting down on the bed beside Grierson, having previously placed a handkerchief across his own knees, took his leg upon his lap, and examined the cut in silence. Then he put his hand into his breast, drew out a small case, and produced from it a spiteful-looking, shining implement of steel, with which he firmly seized the glass, and by a steady tug, which made the lad utter a bitter cry, pulled it out of the wound. At the doorway were shadowy faces; a faint murmur came from the passage as the doctor, selecting another implement from his case, passed it to and fro in the fissure. Then with lint from the same inexhaustible case, and with water and sciasors, he made a bandage round the wound, placed the limb on the bed, took up his candle, and surveyed us slowly one after the other.

"Such are the fruits of disobedience—the results of strife and contention," he said at last. "If you were the beasts of the field, you could not tear and wound each other more cruelly; but the beasts have none to guide them—you have. They have none to correct them—you shall find that you have. Mr. Cuffe," he added, "stay in this cubicle to-night in one of the spare beds. The surgeon must see Grierson early in the morning." And the tall figure vanished.

I felt relieved when he went; and yet I wished he had said something to me. There was a cold displeasure in his eye as he looked into my face, more hard to bear than words. It was a keen reproach to be stared at with such haughty contempt; and as I looked at my face in the glass, and turned to Maurice, who had got into bed, and had sullenly given his hand to me, I became aware that our first interview with Dr. Ball was not of a nature to impress him in our favor. My eyes were puffed and painful, and my cheeks shining and swelled out with blows; my lips like a negro's. Maurice was not much better; Cole and Grierson bore similar marks of the fray; and Mr. Cuffe, as he walked round us with his candle, had some reason for saying "Our mothers would not know us."

If any dreamer cherishes visions of Utopia as possible realities, let him remember what his life was at a school, and cease to hope. Who can withstand the tyranny of that oligarchy which arises in the little republic, and which has ever a despot of its own? For two years my life was as bearable, in virtue of my prowess on the night of my arrival, as the duresse of attendance and compulsory learning could make it. I was chosen into the upper twenty for our hurling matches after one or two hard fights Daddy Grierson, the very first day he came into the green where we played, pale and limping as he was, shook hands with me and declared—"Brady is one of the old stock," and my reputation was made by the stories which had gone abroad over the school, for Grierson was one of the Ajaxes of the field. But I cherish no especial love for my boarding-school.

THE QUEEN OF THE SAVANNAH.

BY GUSTAVE AIMARD.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE CHIEF'S PROPOSAL.

Ordinarily Indians do not travel by night, and it required circumstances imperious as the present for the chief to resolve thus to infringe the customs of the Red Skins. In truth, Don Melchior's flight caused him great anxiety about the success of his expedition, and he was anxious to cross the Indian border, as he felt persuaded that once he had passed the river which served as the limit of the Spanish possessions, and trod his native heath in a country all whose hiding-places were familiar to him, he would be comparatively safe from the pursuit which would not fail to be begun so soon as the abduction of the two ladies was known, and that would not be long first if, as he feared, Don Melchoir had succeeded in escaping.

The Indians galloped the whole night through in the direction of the river, whose yellow waters at length became visible at sunrise. Without even stopping to breathe the horses, tired by so long a gallop along difficult and scarcely marked tracks, the chief ordered his warriors to ford the river immediately.

During the whole of the sad night, which seemed as if it would never end, Dona Emilia held to her bosom the head of her daughter, who was crushed by so much emotion and terror. Not for an instant did the courage of this extraordinary woman and true mother fail her. Not for a second did her noble character break down. She remained ever calm and impassive, not uttering a word of complaint, or showing the fatigue that overpowered her. The very Indians, who are such connoisseurs of courage, could not refrain from secretly admiring this firmness of mind and perfect self-denial.

Although the river was very wide at the spot where the Red Skins forded it, it was crossed without accident, and the Comanches at length found themselves on Indian territory. The detachment, however, did not halt; for the distance that separated them from the white men was not yet sufficiently great for the Stag. He led his warriors to a forest about four or five leagues off, whose tall trees formed a belt of foliage on the horison. During the whole journey the chief constantly galloped at the head of the detachment, not appearing to trouble himself in any way about his prisoners, though the deep wrinkles that furrowed his brow and his constant frown might have led to the supposition that this indifference was feigned, and that he was thinking out some bold plan.

At about two in the afternoon the little band reached the outskirts of the forest, and boldly rode beneath its covert. The journey then became more difficult, and, before all, more fatiguing, through the roots, shrubs, and lianas which at each instant barred the passage, and which the horses could only clear with the utmost difficulty.

The Stag, however, without neglecting entirely the precautions employed by the Indians when they are on the war trail, in order to throw out their enemies, felt so certain, however, that the white men would not venture into the formidable solitudes of Apacheria, owing to the innumerable obstacles which would rise at each step before them, and, above all, through their ignorance of the topography of this country, the last lurking place of the Indian braves, that he wasted but little time in marking his trail, and continued to advance almost in a straight line.

After marching thus for about two hours, crossing ravines and scaling hills, they reached a completely unwooded spot, over which were scattered shapeless ruins, proving that at a doubtless extremely remote period the place had been inhabited. These ruins, spread over a very considerable space, preserved a certain degree of symmetry; the walls, still standing, showed by their thickness and the care with which they were built, as well as materials employed, that an important town must have stood here once on a time. In the centre stood a *teocali* which time had respected, on the top of which were the ruins of a temple, whose vast and massive proportions testified to its ancient splendor, which was now eternally fled. There was something at once gloomy and majestic in the sight of these ruins suddenly rising in the midst of a virgin forest. They were the last traces of a forgotten world, whose memory the present inhabitants of the country have lost, and trample on their dust with a careless foot.

The Stag had selected these ruins to camp in. The warriors therefore established themselves in this city, probably founded by the Chichimecs at the period when, compelled by the hand of God, they performed their great migration, building in the course of their mysterious halts those formidable cities whose imposing ruins are still visible in different parts of New Spain. The Comanches during their vagabond rambles about the desert had many times camped at this solitary spot, whose strong position offered them a shelter against the attacks of their numerous enemies, men and wild beasts, that incessantly prowl about in search of a facile prey. It was at the summit of the teocali, in the ruins of the temple, which had heard the death cries of many victims offered as a holocaust to the implacable and sanguinary Huitzilopochtli, the god of war, that the chief resolved to establish his camp.

When the horses had been hobbled in an excavation at the foot of the teocali, the warriors placed the prisoners in their midst, scaled the bramble and cactus covered steps that led to the top of the artificial hill, and on reaching the temple, after lighting several fires to prepare their meal, they cut down a quantity of branches, which they intertwined so as to form a species of roof over one of the halls of the temple. There, at a signal from the chief, the two ladies were installed, who, however precarious this shelter might be, were glad to take refuge in it, and escape for awhile from the stern glances of their ferocious conquerors, and recover from the terrible shock they had endured.

Dona Emilia's first care so soon as she was alone with her daughter, whose weakness was extreme, was to lay her on a pile of furs which the chief, doubtless through a feeling of compassion, had ordered to be placed by the fire. The state in which the young lady was, was really alarming. The prostration which had fallen on her after the snare to which she had fallen a victim, was succeeded by a violent fever mingled with delirious and nervous attacks, which not only threatened her reason, but caused apprehensions for her life; at anyrate there was reason to fear that her health would never entirely recover from the shock given to her system by the terror she had felt, and the extraordinary fatigue she had endured during nearly twenty hours, in spite of the sort of brutal gallantry with which the chief had tried to come to her help by ordering his men not to hurry, and by trying not only to pay the captives the attentions of which his rough character was capable, but by giving them all the relief he was able to offer them under the circumstances.

Dona Emilia did not know what means she should employ to calm her daughter's terrifying nervous excitement. Alone among savages, whom she justly regarded as implacable foes, wanting the remedies which were necessary for her poor child, she could only groan and hold her to her heart to prevent her dashing her head against the wall in one of these nervous attacks. Dona Emilia passed the whole night without sleep, constantly watching over the girl whose madness had assumed a startling character, and who no longer recognizing her mother, unconscious of the place where she was, made the strangest remarks to her, and asked her the most singular questions with that volubility which fever produces.

Toward the close of night, at the moment when the stars began to disappear, the girl's frenzy gradually diminished; she closed her eyes and fell into a sleep which restored her poor mother a little hope and courage. At sunrise an Indian came in, placed provisions on the ground, laid a packet of simples by Dona Emilia's side, and withdrew without uttering a word. Several hours elapsed in this way; the Red Skins, while attentively watching their captives, left them constantly alone, supplying them all they required with a species of affectionate eagerness, but not troubling them with indiscreet questions or disagreeable intrusions into the refuge given them. Since their arrival at the teocali the chief had not presented himself to them, but seemed, on the contrary, desirous to remain invisible, while paying them attentions which revealed an assiduous care on his part.

Dona Diana's condition had visibly improved—nature, youth, and her powerful constitution had, after a trying struggle, eventually triumphed over the disease. Nursed by her mother with attentive tenderness, she at length became convalescent; but with health sorrow re-entered her mind, and the frightful position in which fatality had placed her appeared in all its horrible reality. She did not dare reflect on the future, for, alas, that was perhaps a terrible death amid torture or dishonor, a hundred fold worse than death. Hence a gloomy sorrow took possession of the maiden. She spent her days leaning over the wall, and with her eyes fixed on the imposing landscape that surrounded her looked despairingly around her, while burning tears, which she did not even think of drying, coursed slowly down her pale, thinned cheeks.

Mother and daughter remained thus side by side, not daring to confide to each other their terrible thoughts, awaiting the coming catastrophe which it was impossible for them to foresee or avoid. Days thus succeeded days without producing any change in their position; nothing had revealed to them the fate which the Comanches reserved for them, when on the morning of the tenth day after their arrival at the teocali, the Indian who seemed specially told off to watch them and supply them with food, informed them that the chief had arrived on the previous evening at the teocali, on his return from a distant expedition he had been obliged to make, and asked permission to speak to them after breakfast. On hearing this request, which was however, made very politely, Dona Diana turned pale and shuddered with horror; she understood that her fate would depend on this interview, and spite of herself she trembled. Dona Emilia smiled ironically.

"Why pretend such great courtesy to captives?" she replied, bitterly. "Is not your chief our master? As far as I am aware, a master does not require to announce his coming to his slaves."

"The sachem ordered his warrior to speak as he has done," the Indian made answer. "The warrior has obeyed; my mother must not be angry with him."

"I am not angry with you, Indian," she said, less rudely, desiring not to alienate this man, who, ever since he served them, had displayed a species of rough pity. "I do not at all think of making you responsible for orders which you must neither discuss nor hesitate to carry out; still I will remark to you that as we are the prisoners of your sachem, as you term him, we have no means to avoid the interview he requests, and that, consequently, it is unnecessary for him to ask a permission which he can very well do without."

"Good! My mother speaks well; hence the sachem may come after breakfast?"

"He can come when he thinks proper. We will receive him, as he desires it."

The Indian went out, and the two ladies were left alone.

"We are going to know our fate at last," Dona Emilia said, with a feigned indifference she was far from feeling.

"Yes," her daughter replied, sorrowfully. "Heaven grant that a feeling of pity may still reside in the heart of this savage, and that the propositions he makes us, may not be of such a nature that we must decline them."

"Heaven grant it, indeed, my daughter! Alas, who knows what fate reserves for us! Perhaps you will regret that you did not die during your illness."

The girl remained silent for a moment, and then a gloomy smile played round her pale lips.

"Mother," she asked, "have you kept your vial?"

"Yes," Dona Emilia answered; "it still contains enough to kill us both."

"In that case rejoice, mother," the maiden answered, almost gayly, "we have nothing more to fear! Whatever proposition this crafty chief may make to us, we are always certain of getting out of his clutches, and finding refuge in death."

"It is well, daughter!" Dona Emilia replied, as she took Diana in her arms, and pressed her passionately to her heart.

So great is the effect that a powerful resolution always produces, that the two ladies awaited the chief's coming more calmly than they had hoped. They had scarce finished breakfast ere he appeared. The mayordomo had, for this interview, doffed his Indian dress, and resumed that of the Mexican campesinos. This change denoted a resolution formed that he would allow no consideration to stop him. On recognizing him the two ladies uttered a cry, of surprise on the part of Diana, but of terror on that of her mother. She had discovered what she long suspected, that is to say, that her husband's mayor-domo was a traitor. On entering, he bowed to the ladies with ironical politeness; his face was smiling, his manner firm, and his voice coaxing.

"I venture to hope, senoras," he said, "that you will pardon a poor Indian."

"Oh," Dona Emilia said, bitterly, "what a viper we have cherished!"

"Alas! madam," he answered lightly, "why employ such ugly epithets? Everybody in this world is obliged to bow before necessity. It was not, be assured, of my own accord that I have so long remained a stranger to you."

"You are, then, really the chief of the men who carried us off—and it was you probably who prepared the odious snare into which we fell!"

"I will not attempt to deny it, madam," he said.

"What harm have I done you, who have been living for more than twenty years beneath my roof, where you were taken in through charity; you whom my husband loves and places entire confidence in?"

"A confidence which I still possess, madam. But why lose our time in vain discussions? The open step I have taken must prove to you that my mind is irrevocably made up, and that I shall not hesitate or recoil in the execution of the plan I have formed."

"What you are doing is horrible; you requite with the blackest ingratitude the kindness with which my family has overwhelmed you."

"That is the very word, madam," he said, with a bitter smile; "but in order to cut short useless recriminations, and lay down the question distinctly, let me make a confession which will establish our position to each other."

"Speak, speak! What frightful revelation have you to make to me?"

"I, madam," he replied, drawing himself up majestically, and fixing on her a fiendish glance, "am the son of Running Water, the Chief of the tribe of Red Buffalos, whom your family so cowardly and obstinately hunted down. Do you now understand why I hate you, and why you are here?"

"Oh!" she shrieked, clasping her hands in despair, "we are lost."

Dona Diana was annihilated; she fancied it was all a fearful dream.

"No, madam," he replied in his calm and metallic voice, "your safety is in your own hands."

"My safety?" she asked ironically.

"Yes, madam, your safety. You are really conscious of the situation in which you are, I assume? You are thoroughly convinced that you are in my power, and that no human help can save you?"

"Yes, but God remains—God, who sees, and will save us," she exclaimed fervently, "God who will foil your odious machinations!"

"God!" he said, with a hoarse laugh. "You forget, madam, that I am a Comanche, and that your God is not mine. Bow your head before the fatality that crushes you. Your God, if He exist, is powerless against me. I deride His power!"

"Silence, blasphemer! The God you dare to defy can, if He pleases, crush you in a moment."

"Let Him do so then, and I will believe in Him." And he raised his head and looked up defiantly at the heavens. "But, no," he added a moment after, "all these things are falsehoods invented by the priests to hold men in awe. You are here in my power, I repeat, and no power, human or divine, will liberate you; but, as I said, it is easy for you to leave this place in freedom within an hour, if you please."

"After insult, mockery, that is the right way," she said contemptuously.

"I am no more mocking you now than I insulted you before; I am speaking frankly, and offering you an honorable bargain, which you can accept or refuse as you please."

"A bargain," she murmured in a hollow voice.

"Yes," he continued, "a bargain; and why not? Listen to me. I hate your family, madam, with all the hatred that a human heart can hold; but you personally never offended me, and I have, therefore, no reason to wish you harm. Then, there is another thing which pleads in your favor; why should I conceal it any longer? I love your daughter."

"Villain!" Dona Emilia exclaimed, as she rose and walked toward him.

Dona Diana threw herself wildly into her mother's arms, and buried her face in her hands, crying desperately,

"Mother, mother, save me!"

"Fear nothing, daughter," she replied; "this man can insult us, but he will never succeed in humiliating us to his own level."

The Indian listened to these words without a muscle of his face quivering.

"I expected this outburst," he said calmly; "but you will reflect; I repeat that I love your daughter, and intend her to be mine."

"Never," the two ladies exclaimed desperately.

"At that price alone," he continued stoically, "you will be free; if not, prepare for death."

"Yes, yes," Dona Emilia burst forth passionately, "yes, we will die, but both by our own will. Ah! you feel very certain of the success of your odious plot, but you have calculated badly, villain; the death with which you threaten us, we invoke as the supreme refuge left us. You are masters of our life, but not of our death. We defy you."

The Indian burst into a laugh.

"Look at your vial," he said, in his calm, cutting tone, "it no longer contains any acid. Yesterday some harmless soporifics were mixed with your food, and, during your sleep, you were robbed of the formidable weapon in which you had trusted rather too prematurely. Believe me, madam, you had better yield. I give you eight days to reflect; it would be easy for me to carry off your daughter, but I prefer receiving her voluntarily from you."

He accompanied these remarks with a mocking laugh, and left the room, without waiting for an answer, which the two unhappy women could not have given him, so annihilated were they by the frightful revelation which had just been made to them.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PREPARATIONS FOR A RESCUE.

We will now leave the Comanche camp for a season, and return to the Hacienda del Rio, belonging to Count de Melgosa, whither we have before taken the reader, and to which the count ordered the wounded man to be conveyed. When they approached the hacienda, the Canadian remarked to the count that perhaps Don Melchior, owing to his weakness, could not be able to stand crossing the stream, and the ascent of the hill, which was rendered more fatiguing by the steepness of the path that led to the front gate. The count began laughing.

"What is it that amuses your excellency?" the Canadian asked.

"Well," the count answered, "I am laughing at your simplicity, my friend."

"My simplicity!"

"Yes; I fancied you better acquainted with strategies."

"What do you mean?"

"Hang it all! you ought to know that a good general never lets himself be besieged without having the means to break the blockade when he thinks proper."

"Ah, ah!" the hunter said with a smile, "I suspected it; but no matter. Go on, excellency."

"Does it interest you?"

"Enormously."

"Ah!" he said, giving him an inquiring glance.

"Oh, simply from an artistic point of view."

"Very good; well, I wish to prove to you what value I set on you, and what faith I have in your honor."

"You were wrong to doubt it, excellency."

"I believe so. Then I will show you what no living being has ever yet seen."

"By Jove, excellency, permit me to remark to you that what you are doing is most imprudent."

"With any one else it would certainly be so; but are you not my friend?"

"I hope so, excellency."

"In that case, it is no longer imprudent, but merely a mark of confidence. Diego Lopez," he added, turning to the peon, "go to the right."

"Excellency," the latter said respectfully, "if we go to the right after passing that clump of larches, sumachs, and floripondios, we shall come to an impassable belt of rocks which border the river on that side."

"Nonsense," the count continued with a smile; "never mind; go on."

Diego Lopez bowed, and at once went in the direction ordered. The road had to be cut with the axe, and they only advanced step by step. After about an hour of extremely fatiguing toil, the band reached, as Diego Lopez had predicted, the foot of an enormous and irregular mass of rocks heaped on each other to a great height. They were forced to halt, owing to the material impossibility of going any further.

"You see, excellency," Diego Lopez said, with the satisfaction of a servant who believes he has got the best of his master.

"Yes, yes, I see," the count replied, as he attentively examined the rocks; "be kind enough, Senor Clary, to hold my horse for a moment."

He dismounted, threw the bridle to the Canadian, and said to the peon—

"Come hither, Diego."

The latter followed him without a word, vainly torturing his brain to guess what his master intended to do. The count walked straight up to the rocks; on reaching a certain spot he stooped, and after a moment's reflection, said—

"Thrust your gun-barrel into that crack, and press."

The peon obeyed with the passive resignation of a good servant, and after a few efforts a rather large block started and fell to the ground.

"Very good," the count said; "go on; now this one." A second stone, larger than the first, fell, and revealed the entrance of a cave.

"Now," the count continued, "enlarge the passage."

"By heavens!" the Canadian exclaimed, "that is prodigious, and we can pass through, horses and all."

"Of course. Do you not know that all the haciendas of any size in this country were built by the first conquistadors of the country, who, being daily exposed to the attacks of the Indians, were obliged to dig passages of this nature, which allowed them, in the event of a siege, to procure provisions, or call in the aid of their friends and allies?"

"And you are not afraid to show this passage to *me*?" the Canadian said, in wonderment.

"Why should I be afraid? I repeat, that you are a friend, and that I have faith in you."

"That is true," the Canadian replied; "but, no matter," he added, with a shake of his head, "you have run a tremendous risk."

"Nonsense," the count continued, with a careless shrug of the shoulder. "With you?"

While they were conversing, Diego Lopez and his comrades had worked so well that the entrance was now wide enough for the little band to pass.

"Come," said the count.

They went in, and when the last peon had passed through, the count continued—

"Now, Diego Lopez, put the stones back in their place as well as you can, for it is useless to show other people the road we have taken."

The peons set to work, and in less than half an hour the entrance was once more hermetically closed, and so skillfully, that no one could have detected it from the outside. The passage in which the Spaniards found themselves was probably lighted by a multitude of imperceptible fissures, which at the same time renewed the stock of air; for although the entrance had been stopped up, it was not dark, and it was perfectly easy to breathe. Cut in the rock, the roof of this passage was lofty enough for a man to pass through comfortably on horseback—it was arched; the ground was dry and covered with a fine sand of a golden-yellow.

The count placed himself at the head of the little party and gave a signal to start. At first the passage descended rather abruptly, and from the noise the travellers heard over their heads, they understood that they were passing beneath the bed of the river; but gradually the ground rose gently, and the passage ascended with innumerable windings, opening out every now and then into long galleries, which showed that the first owners of this hacienda, as prudent people, retained several issues. At regular distances, they came to massive iron doors, which the count opened by touching a hidden spring, and which closed again after the travellers.

At length, after marching for about three-quarters of an hour in this inextricable labyrinth, the count stopped before a massive oak door, entirely covered with thick plates of iron.

"We have arrived," he said.

"What do you mean?" the Canadian remarked, "not at the hacienda, I suppose?"

"Yes, we are at the hacienda; and, more than that, we are at the entrance of the court leading to the corral."

"That is impossible," said the Canadian.

The count smiled and touched a spring. The door opened, and the Canadian repressed a cry of surprise as the count informed him they were really in an inner court of the hacienda, which was at this moment empty. The travellers entered, and then the gate was closed so hermetically, and so thoroughly formed a part of the wall through the stones with which it was covered, that in spite of the attention with which the adventurer examined it, it was impossible for him to discover its exact position.

"It is prodigious!" he muttered.

"Not at all," the count replied, gently; "it is, on the contrary, a very ordinary affair, only due to the skill of the workman who was intrusted with the job. But let us lose no more time here; Diego Lopez, convey the wounded man to the green-room. Do not trouble yourself about your horse, Senor Clary, it will be taken care of; come."

"Hang it, the beast is valuable; and were it only for the sake of the person from whom I obtained it, I should not like any accident to happen to it."

"As for that, be at your ease; your horse will be as well taken care of as if it belonged to me."

Completely reassured by this promise, the Canadian dismounted and accompanied his host into the house. The count's unexpected arrival and the mysterious way in which he entered the hacienda caused some surprise to his people, who did not understand how he could have got in unseen by any of the sentries in a so carefully guarded fortress. The reception the countess gave the adventurer was not merely polite, but even affectionate, and very different from the somewhat dry manner in which she greeted him on the first occasion. Don Melchior was put to bed; and when the count and the Canadian entered the green-room, the doctor of the hacienda was attending to him. The young man was asleep.

"Well," the count asked, presently, "what do you think about your patient, doctor?"

The doctor, or, to speak more correctly, the barber, who undertook that duty, drew himself up, pursed his eyebrows, and replied gravely—

"This young man is as well as his state allows him to be. I have bled him copiously, which, I believe, will produce a favorable result; in two days, if no serious accident occur, I can promise you that he will feel but little of the numerous contusions he has received."

"Thanks, doctor, for your good prognostics; attend to this young man as you would to myself. I have the greatest wish to hear him talk as soon as possible, even if he cannot get about."

"I will give you that satisfaction this very evening, excellency," the doctor answered. "When the patient awakes, his strength will have returned sufficiently to allow him to answer any questions you may think proper to ask him."

The count and the adventurer exchanged a glance of satisfaction on hearing this. The doctor's prediction was realized, for shortly before sunset Don Melchior opened his eyes. At first he was somewhat astonished to find himself lying in bed and attended by a doctor; but when the latter had told him in a few words how, on being found half dead, he was transported to the spot where he now was, his memory at once returned, and he earnestly begged the doctor to inform the count that as he was refreshed by the bleeding and rested by the sleep which had resulted from it, he earnestly requested to see his savior in order to thank him for the service he had done him, and to ask him to let him return as soon as possible to the Hacienda del Bario, where matters of the greatest importance summoned him. The count and the Canadian proceeded straight to the young man, and after congratulating him on the fortunate change which had taken place in him in so short a time, pressed him to tell them all that had happened.

Don Melchior, on recognizing the count, who during his visit to the hacienda had displayed much interest in him, had no difficulty in recounting what had happened in the fullest detail, the more so because knowing the count to be on very intimate terms with Don Annibal Saldibar, he hoped that the Spanish gentleman might help him in the plan he meditated. The count was overwhelmed with grief on hearing the misfortune which had happened to Dona Emilia, and immediately suspected that the daring abduction to which she had been a victim was the revenge of the Red Buffalos, those constant foes of Don Annibal. But there was some mystery about this skillfully arranged and boldly executed expedition. He suspected treachery, though it was impossible to rest those suspicions on one person more than another. His anxiety was the greater because it was probable that the ravishers, after their snare was successful, had returned to the impenetrable deserts which served them as refuge, and where it was impossible to pursue them, especially owing to the state of confusion into which the country was thrown by the decisive pronunciamento of which Don Annibal was one of the principal chiefs, and was stripped of any hope of co-operation from the Spaniards. The situation was serious, and the count did not know how to escape from it.

"Listen to me," said the Canadian, who during the young man's recital had not made the slightest remark. "The affair of which you are talking, is beyond the pale of the common law. Spanish troops will be of no more use to you than Mexican. You have to deal with Red Skins, do not overlook that fact."

"We know it perfectly well," the count interrupted; "but how does that advance us?"

"Pardon me, excellency, but I am acquainted with Indian habits. During the fifteen years I have been traversing the desert in all directions I have had time to study them, hence I believe myself in a position to give you good advice."

"Speak, my friend, speak," the count exclaimed.

"Explain yourself, caballero," the young man said imploringly.

"One of two things will happen," the Canadian continued "Either the Red Skins have seized Dona Emilia and her daughter in order to massacre them, or they have carried them off for the purpose of obtaining a ransom. In the first place they will not kill them for a week, because if it be a revenge, as you say, they desire to take on their enemies, they will sacrifice their victims in the presence of the whole nation assembled for a species of holiday, which will necessitate a great loss of time in convening the scattered tribes. In the second case, you have nothing to fear for the life of the ladies; and to-morrow, possibly to-day, they will send to the hacienda a messenger to settle the amount of ransom."

"Hum! what you do us the honor of telling us is doubtless very sensible," the count remarked; "but I do not yet see the nature of the advice you wish to give us."

"Patience," the Canadian continued with a shake of his head, "my advice is this. To-morrow, at sunrise, I will start for the Hacienda del Bario. If no Indian has appeared, after reporting the result of my embassy, and warning Don Annibal of what has happened, I will have a talk with my friend Moonshine. He knows the Indians as well as I do, perhaps better. Well, if he shares my opinion, we will both start on the trail of the Red Skins, and they will be very cunning, I swear, if we do not discover them. That is my advice."

"Yes," the count answered, "your reasoning is excellent, and the plan you propose is the only one feasible; but what can two men do alone against several hundreds? You will be killed without any advantage."

"Well, if you can hit on a better scheme, I shall not oppose it."

"I do not say that I can. I merely believe that your idea, good in principle, is bad in its mode of execution; that is to say, where two men would perish, ten or fifteen would infallibly succeed."

"But where will you find that number of men to volunteer running such risks?"

"I will be the first," Don Melchior said warmly.

"And I the second," the count said more calmly.

"You?" the Canadian remarked, with surprise.

"Yes, I, my friend," he continued. "I have an old account to settle with the Red Skins generally, and the Red Buffalos particularly. They are my enemies also. The marks of their claws have been for a long time imprinted on my flesh. Who knows whether I shall not avenge myself, while fancying that I am only avenging a friend?"

"Hence," said Don Melchior, "we will start to-morrow at sunrise."

"I alone," the Canadian answered; "your presence at the hacienda would be more injurious than useful. Allow Don Annibal's grief time to calm before presenting yourself to him."

The young man felt the force of the adventurer's reasoning, and hung his head sadly, though without offering any objection.

"I will accompany you, senor," said the count. "I trust that my intervention with Don Annibal will not prove in vain."

"What are you thinking of, excellency? In the present state of affairs, do you not fear being regarded as an enemy?"

"Politics have nothing to do with the step I propose taking in your company, senor. Moreover, do you not remember that I have sworn never more to serve the Spanish government? I am, therefore, free to act as I please."

"I have no remarks to make to you on that subject, excellency; perhaps it is better that it should be so; besides, you know better than I do what line of conduct you ought to hold."

"Believe me, my friend, that the one I am adopting is the best."

"Then," Don Melchior remarked, sadly, "you condemn me to remain here?"

"Yes, till you receive fresh orders, my friend," the Canadian said, good-humoredly; "but do not feel vexed, young gentleman; get well again as quickly as you can, and you shall enter on the campaign against the Red Skins in our company."

"Do you promise me that?" the young man asked, with a start of joy.

"I swear it, on the faith of Oliver Clary. You are too brave to be left behind."

The young man thanked him warmly, and feeling easier in his mind, he fell back on his bed, and was soon fast asleep. On the morrow at sunrise, the count and the Canadian entered the chamber of the wounded man to take leave of him—but they found him dressed and ready to start.

"You know very well that you are not to accompany us."

"It is not my intention, either," he answered.

"Still you are preparing to leave the hacienda."

"Yes—and probably at the same time as yourself."

"Hum!" said the Canadian, as he took a side glance at the young man, whose handsome masculine face, pale with suffering, had an expression of energetic will. "You seem quite resolved," he said.

"Whatever may happen, yes."

There was a silence.

"Very good," the Canadian continued; "wait for me here for six hours."

"What are you going to do?" Don Melchior exclaimed.

"On my return I will tell you; do you pledge me your word?"

"I do."

"Very good."

Without adding a word, Oliver went out, making the count a sign to follow him.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Courtship Among the Scotch Peasantry.

A "Royal Commission" has developed some curious facts with reference to the manner in which courtship is carried on among the Scotch peasants. For a young man to call on a young woman in the daytime, or to talk with her in the presence of other people, even though they may be her nearest relatives, is a grave offence against the conventionalities. The time for such intercourse is at midnight. The lad comes under the lassie's window and whistles, or in some other way informs her of his presence. She thereupon lets him into the house, or oftener goes out to him. The call lasts from one to two hours. Curiously enough, all attempts to persuade the grown people, the fathers and mothers, to discourage so absurd and otherwise objectionable a practice, have thus far proved futile.

☞ A Detroit paper tells a story of honest industry insufficiently rewarded. It is of a Cincinnati editor who, it says, makes one suit answer for the changes of the year. He gets a suit of thick clothing as cold weather comes on, and by the time hot weather arrives it is worn sufficiently thin to serve for thin clothes.

The Effect of Cheap Wines.

Much has been said and written in favor of the production of cheap wines in this country as a means of preventing drunkenness. The argument has been that such wine would not lead to intoxication, while its free use would supplant the taste for stronger and more destructive liquors. There have been very contradictory statements in regard to the condition of those habitual cheap wine drinkers in the wine producing districts abroad. Travellers in the same localities appear to see things through the medium of a very dissimilar light. Dr. Holland, of the Springfield Republican, who is travelling in Switzerland, has taken notes upon this subject, and in a recent letter from Lausanne, after speaking of the vintage and its scenes, says:

"There is no question that the people would be better, healthier, happier, and much more prosperous, if there were not a vineyard in the Canton. We have all been told in America, and I fully believed it, that, if a people could be supplied with a cheap wine, they would not get drunk—that the natural desire for some sort of stimulant would be gratified in a way that would be not only harmless to morals, but conducive to health. I am thoroughly undeceived. The people drink their cheap white wine here to drunkenness. A boozier set than hang around the multitudinous cafes here it would be hard to find in any American city. The grand difference in the drunkenness of an American and Swiss city is found in the fact that the man who has wine in him is good natured, and the man who is equally charged with whiskey is a demon. There is no murdering, no fighting, no wrangling. The excitement is worked off in singing, shouting and all sorts of insane-jabber."

The consequences of wine drunkenness, seem to be less serious than those produced by whiskey, just as it is considered that adulterated whiskey makes a drunken man more demoniac than pure spirits. Dr. Holland goes on thus:

"So this question is settled in my mind. Cheap wine is not the cure of intemperance. The people here are just as intemperate as they are in America, and, what is more, there is no public sentiment that checks intemperance in the least. The wine is fed freely to children, and by all classes is regarded as a perfectly legitimate drink. Failing to find the solution of the temperance question in the Maine law, failing to perceive it in the various modes and movements of reform, I, with many others, have looked with hope to find it in a cheap and comparatively harmless wine; but for one, I can look in this direction hopefully no longer. I firmly believe that the wines of Switzerland are of no use except to keep out whiskey, and that the advantages of the wine over the whiskey are not very obvious. It is the testimony of the best men in Switzerland—those who have the highest good of the people at heart—that the increased growth of the grape has been steadily and correspondingly attended by the increase of drunkenness. They lament the planting of a new vineyard as we, at home, regret the opening of a new grog shop."

Origin of a Popular Phrase.

To a confusion of words pronounced alike we owe the phrase "not worth a damn," in which the last word represents *water-cress*. The Anglo-Saxon name of the cress was *cerse;* and this, by that transposition of the *r*, so common in the earlier stage of our language, and which gave us *bird* for *brid*, and *burn* for *bren*, became *cres*. But for a long time it retained its original form; and a man who meant to say that anything was of very little value, said sometimes that it was not worth a rush, and others that it was not worth a cerse, or kerse. For example (one of many), see this passage of "Piers Ploughman's Vision:"

> Wisdom and wit now
> Is nought worth a *kerse*,
> But if it be carded with coveitise,
> As clothers kemben his wolle.

Identity of sound between two words led to a misapprehension which changed the old phrase into "not worth a curse;" and a liking for variety, which had not been without its influence, even in the vocabulary of oaths and objurgations, led to the substitution to which we owe "not worth a damn." But for one variety of this phrase, which is peculiar to this country, and which is one of its very few original peculiarities, "not worth a continental damn," I am at a loss to assign a source; except that it may be found in that tendency to vastness of ideas and that love of annexation of which we are somewhat justly accused, and which crop out even in our swearing.—*Richard Grant White in The Galaxy.*

[The phrase "continental damn" probably came in use after the old "continental currency." As that currency was almost worthless, so a continental "damn" was depreciated beyond what the swearers of previous times could have imagined. This seems to us a more probable explanation than that given by Mr. White.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

Sunshine or Moonshine.

The Stockholm Aftonbladet gives a curious letter from Ericsson, the inventor of the caloric machine. The following passages occur in it:

"Calculations which I have just completed have satisfied me that if the sun's rays, now wasting their strength on the house roofs of Philadelphia, were condensed, they might be used to set 5,000 steam-engines, of 20-horse power each, in motion. * * * To give an instance, let us suppose a Swedish square mile (equal to 49 English) covered with condensing apparatus and sun machines. * * * Let one-half the surface be occupied by buildings, roads, &c., and we have still 648,000,000 square feet free for our purposes. Now, as my condensing apparatus has demonstrated 100 square feet to be amply sufficient for the production of 1-horse power, it follows that 64,800 steam-engines of 100-horse power each can be worked with the rays thrown on a Swedish square mile, I assert that * * * by condensing the rays of the sun a force could be created that might arrest the earth in the course. In a thousand years or so—a drop in the ocean of time—there will be no coal left in Europe unless the sun be put in requisition. True, the rays of the sun are often prevented from reaching us; but, with such a large magazine whence fuel may be obtained, without labor or transport to draw upon, experienced engineers will have no difficulty in laying up a store against the rainy day."

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$100 A MONTH TO AGENTS and a 50 cent stamp, redeemable at my office, given every applicant. Male and female agents wanted in a new, pleasant, permanent business; full particulars free, together with the 50 cent stamp by return mail. Sample retailing at $2.25 for 25 cents. C. L. VAN ALLEN, 48 New St., New York City. Inclose 3 cent stamp. oct3-3m

YOUR DESTINY! WHAT IS IT?—An experienced clairvoyant will, on receipt of 50 cents and stamped envelope, send a written destiny. News of absent friends, marriage, likeness, fortune, &c., given while in a state of trance. None have written who were not surprised at the truthful predictions. Address, with lock of hair, Miss KATE MARKOE, Station D., New York. oct3-3m

WHY WILL YOU BE

ROBBED

by unprincipled dealers, when by sending direct to EASTMAN & KENDALL, 65 Hanover St., Boston, Mass., you can have a choice in two or three hundred different articles for a dollar, and save two or three profits on Dry

AND

Fancy Goods of almost every kind. We now offer as commission to any one sending in a club of sixty in our Great One Price sale, 40 yards *best* Cotton Sheeting, and commission on larger and smaller clubs in the same proportion when paid in other goods. The ladies are especially invited to send us a trial club. All goods damaged in transportation are replaced free of charge. Don't be

CHEATED

by small dealers into believing that they can sell as cheap as we do, for it is simply impossible. Our popular club system of selling is as follows: For $2 we send 20 patent pen fountains (10 cts. for each) and checks describing 20 different articles to be sold for a dollar each. 30 for $3; 60 for $6; 100 for $10, &c. Sent by mail. Don't fail to send money in Registered Letters. Single fountain and check, 10 cts. Send for Circular and Exchange List.

N. B. Our sale should *not* be classed with dollar jewelry sales and gift enterprises.

EASTMAN & KENDALL,
65 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.
oct17-2m

BELCHER, JAMES & CO.'S

Great One Dollar Sale.

THE MOST LIBERAL CONCERN OF THE KIND IN THE COUNTRY.

☞ *The smallest article on our checks can be exchanged at any time for a splendid large Concertina, or a five-bottle revolving silver plated Castor, or twenty-four French Stereoscopic Views.*

We have on hand over a million dollars' worth of goods. The largest and most valuable stock of Linens, Woolens, Cottons, Flannels, Dress Goods, Fancy Goods, Plated Ware, Cutlery, Meerschaum Pipes, &c., &c., of ANY DOLLAR SALE HOUSE IN AMERICA. We import our own goods, and can sell in large or small quantities at importers' prices. *This never has been done before*, and is causing a complete panic among wholesalers and retailers, wherever our goods are sent. If you wish to buy goods cheap, *Now is the time!* WE ARE BOUND TO SELL! Everything sold at the uniform rate of **One Dollar Each.** Those getting up clubs for other firms will do well to stop where they are, and *send for our Circular.* Our inducements are double those of any other concern.

AGENTS, LOOK HERE!

For a Club of Thirty and $3, we send one of the following articles, FREE OF CHARGE:—20 yards of heavy brown or bleached yard wide Sheeting; 1 Double Lens French Stereoscope, with 24 rich foreign views; 1 Ladies' real Morocco Travelling Bag; 30 pairs Ladies' fine Merino Stockings; 1 genuine Meerschaum Pipe, amber mouthpiece, in splendid case; 1 Violin and Bow, in box, complete; All-Wool Cassimere, for pants; 1 pair Ladies' extra quality Cloth Boots; 1 doz. fine Linen Towels; 1 Steel Carving Knife and Fork, with ivory balanced handle, very best quality; Gents' heavy chased solid Gold Ring; elegant Delaine Dress Pattern; 1 doz. heavy silver plated white metal Dessert Forks; 1 doz. Rogers Bros. best heavy plated white metal Tea Spoons; 6 Engraved S. P. Napkin Rings; 1 rich 20-keyed metal bound Concertina, retails for $10.

For a Club of Fifty and $5, one of the following articles:—1 Web of heavy brown or bleached yard wide Sheeting; 1 black or colored Alpaca Dress Pattern; 1 pair All-Wool Blankets; Engraved silver plated 8 bottle Revolving Castor; 1 set ivory balanced knives, with silver plated white metal Forks; 1 pair Gents' Calf Boots; 35 yards good Print; 4 yards double width Water-Proof, for Cloaking; 1 Square Wool Shawl; three and a half yards very fine Cassimere, for pants and vest; beautiful Poplin Dress Pattern; 100-Picture Turkey Morocco Photograph Album.

For a Club of One Hundred and $10, presents varying in value from $18 to $25.

For a Club of Five Hundred and $50, presents from $60 to $100. Larger Clubs increased in the same ratio. Premiums sent with goods.

Circulars free to any address. Send all money by registered letter or money order. Address

BELCHER, JAMES & CO.,
SUCCESSORS TO A. S. HARDY & CO.,
dec12-4t 7 and 9 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

AGENTS WANTED.—"Magic Drawing Sheets." Price 10 cents. Three for 25 cents. Address A. HARBER & BRO., Port Byron, Ills. sep26-6m

GENUINE FALSE MOUSTACHES that cannot be told from natural ones; on wire 50 cents; on lace 75 cents; extra fine $1; imperials 50 cents; full beard $3.50; all colors. Address BLACKIE & CO., 746 Broadway, New York. dec12-3m

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU is pleasant in taste and odor, free from all injurious properties, and immediate in its action.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU gives health and vigor to the frame, and bloom to the pallid cheek. Debility is accompanied by many alarming symptoms, and if no treatment is submitted to, consumption, insanity or epilepsie ills ensue.

FOR NON-RETENTION OR INCONTINENCE of Urine, Irritation, Inflammation or Ulceration of the bladder or kidneys, diseases of the prostrate glands, stone in the bladder, calculus, gravel or brick dust deposits, and all diseases of the bladder, kidneys and dropsical swellings.
USE HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU.

ENFEEBLED AND DELICATE CONSTITUTIONS, of both sexes, use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU. It will give brisk and energetic feelings, and enable you to sleep well.

TAKE NO MORE UNPLEASANT AND unsafe remedies for unpleasant and dangerous diseases. Use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU AND IMPROVED ROSE WASH.

THE GLORY OF MAN IS STRENGTH.—Therefore the nervous and debilitated should immediately use HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

MANHOOD AND YOUTHFUL VIGOR are regained by HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

SHATTERED CONSTITUTIONS RESTORED by HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU.

HELMBOLD'S EXTRACT BUCHU AND IMPROVED ROSE WASH cures delicate disorders in all their stages, at little expense, little or no change in diet, no inconvenience and no exposure. It is pleasant in taste and odor, immediate in its action, and free from all injurious properties.

HELMBOLD'S FLUID EXTRACT BUCHU

Is a certain cure for diseases of the BLADDER, KIDNEYS, GRAVEL, DROPSY, ORGANIC WEAKNESS, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, GENERAL DEBILITY, and all diseases of the URINARY ORGANS, whether existing in MALE OR FEMALE, from whatever cause originating, and no matter of HOW LONG STANDING.

Diseases of these organs require the use of a diuretic. If no treatment is submitted to, Consumption or Insanity may ensue. Our flesh and blood are supported from these sources, and the HEALTH AND HAPPINESS and that of Posterity depends upon prompt use of a reliable remedy.

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Established upwards of 18 years, prepared by

H. T. HELMBOLD,

DRUGGIST,

No. 594 Broadway, New York.
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Price, $1.25 per Bottle, or Six Bottles for $6.50. Delivered to any address.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.
sep26-cow1y

THE CHILDREN.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
And the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed:
Oh, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in a tender embrace!
Oh, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last;
Of love that my heart will remember,
When it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin;
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

Oh, my heart grows weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go;
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of Fate blowing wild;
Oh! there is nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still gleams in their eyes;
Oh! those truants from home and from heaven,
They have made me more manly and mild!
And I know how Jesus could liken
The Kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done;
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God;
My reproof is a dungeon of darkness,
Where I shut them from breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah! how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good-nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning to me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even—
Their song in the school and the street.
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tramp of their delicate feet.
When the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And death says, "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good-night and be kissed.

1st Swell.—"Heard of the earthquake, Charlie?"
2d Ditto.—"Naw! By Jove, where?"
1st Ditto.—"Countwy."
2d Ditto.—"Aw! Hope they'll confine it to the agwicultural distwicts!"

WIT AND HUMOR.

Habits of Horace Greeley.

BY MARK TWAIN, OF THE TRIBUNE'S STAFF.

Mr. Greeley gets up at three o'clock in the morning; for it is one of his favorite maxims that only early rising can keep the health unimpaired and the brain vigorous. He then awakes up all the household and assembles them in the library, by candle-light, and after quoting the beautiful lines:

"Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise,"

he appoints each individual's task for the day, sets him at it with encouraging words, and goes back to bed again. I mention here, in no fault-finding spirit, but with the deference justly due a man who is older and wiser and worthier than I, that he snores awfully. In a moment of irritation once, I was rash enough to say I never would sleep with him until he broke himself of this unfortunate habit. I have kept my word with bigoted and unwavering determination.

At half-past eleven o'clock Mr. Greeley rises again. He shaves himself. He considers that there is great virtue and economy in shaving himself. He does it with a dull razor, sometimes humming a part of a tune, (he knows part of a tune, and takes an innocent delight in regarding it as the first half of Old Hundred; but parties familiar with that hymn have felt obliged to confess that they could not recognize it, and, therefore, the noise he makes is doubtless an unconscious original composition of Mr. Greeley's,) and sometimes, when the razor is especially dull, he accompanies himself with an emphatic formula.

He then goes out into his model garden, and applies his vast store of agricultural knowledge to the amelioration of his cabbages; after which he writes an able agricultural article for the instruction of American farmers, his soul cheered the while with the reflection that if cabbages were worth eleven dollars apiece his model farm would pay.

He next goes to breakfast, which is a frugal, abstemious meal with him, and consists of nothing but just such things as the market affords, nothing more. He drinks nothing but water—nothing whatever but water, and coffee, and tea, and Scotch ale, and lager beer, and lemonade with a fly in it—sometimes a house fly, and sometimes a horse fly, according to the amount of inspiration required to warm him up to his daily duties. During breakfast he reads the Tribune all through, and enjoys the satisfaction of knowing that all the brilliant things in it, written by Young, and Cooke, and Hazard, and myself, are attributed to him by a confiding and infernal public.

After breakfast he writes a short editorial, and puts a large dash at the beginning of it thus (——,) which is the same as if he put H. G. after it, and takes a savage pleasure in reflecting that none of us understrappers can use that dash, except in profane conversation when chafing over the outrage. He writes this editorial in his own handwriting. He does it because he is so vain of his penmanship. He always did take an inordinate pride in his penmanship. He hired out once, in his young days, as a writing-master, but the enterprise failed. The pupils could not translate his remarks with any certainty. His first copy was "Virtue is its own reward," and they got it "Washing with soap is wholly absurd," and so the trustees discharged him for attempting to convey bad morals through the medium of worse penmanship. But, as I was saying, he writes his morning editorial. Then he tries to read it over, and can't do it, and so sends it to the printers; and they try to read it over, and can't do it; and so they set it up at random, as you may say, putting in what words they can make out, and when they get aground on a long word they put in "reconstruction" or "universal suffrage," and spar off and paddle ahead, and next morning, if the degraded public can tell what it is all about, they say H. G. wrote it; and if they can't, they say it is one of those imbecile understrappers, and that is the end of it.

On Sundays Mr. Greeley sits in a prominent pew in Mr. Chapin's church, and lets on that he is asleep, and the congregation regard it as an eccentricity of genius.

When he is going to appear in public, Mr. Greeley spends two hours on his toilet. He is the most painstaking and elaborate man about getting up his dress that lives in America. This is his chiefest and his pleasantest foible. He puts on his old white overcoat, and turns up the collar. He puts on a soiled shirt, saved from the wash, and leaves one end of the collar unbuttoned. He puts on his most dilapidated hat, turns it wrong side before, cants it on to the back of his head, and jams an extra dent in the side of it. He puts on his most atrocious boots, and spends fifteen minutes tucking the left leg of his pants into his boot-top in what shall seem the most careless and unstudied way. But his cravat—it is into the arrangement of his cravat that he throws all his soul, all the powers of his great mind. After fixing at it for forty minutes before the glass, it is perfect—it is askew every way—it overflows his coat-collar on one side and sinks into oblivion on the other—it climbs and it delves around about his neck—the knot is conspicuously displayed under his left ear, and it stretches one of its long ends straight out horizontally, and the other goes after his eye, in the good old Toodles fashion—and then, completely and marvellously appareled, Mr. Greeley strides forth rolling like a sailor, a miracle of astounding costumery, the awe and wonder of the nations!

But I haven't time to tell the rest of his private habits. Suffice it that he is an upright and an honest man—a practical, great-brained man—a useful man to his nation and his generation—a famous man who has justly earned his celebrity—and withal the worse-dressed man in this or any other country, even though he does take so thundering much pains and put on so many frills about it.

A Sad Scene in Norma.

Parepa Rosa was singing Casta Diva at San Francisco. Folding her white hands on her bosom, and raising her tender eye, she commenced with her Æolian notes, the melody swelling and breaking into a gush of plaintive, supplicating harmony that vibrated through every cord of the heart. I glanced at my friend at my side, radiant in her dress and halo of golden hair, silver powdered, and there was a sweet, pensive look on her downcast face. The music ceased, and the audience, wild with enthusiasm, was demanding an encore, when my beautiful companion raised her large, serene eyes to mine, and said, "Isn't it sad?" "Yes," replied I, quickly, sharing her feeling, "although so glorious, it touches a melancholy chord." "O, nonsense," she exclaimed, "I don't mean that! You know very well that I don't pretend to appreciate this kind of musical jargon. I mean isn't it sad to see so many young men in California bald-headed? I wonder if it isn't dissipation, or the climate, or what? Do you know that I have been picking out bald heads down in the parquet, and would you believe it, I actually counted twenty-nine?"

How She Knew It.—Two young misses discussing the qualities of some young gentlemen were overheard thus:

"Well, I like Charley, but he is a little girlish; he hasn't got the least bit of a beard."

"I say Charley has got a beard, but he shaves it off."

"No, he hasn't either, any more than I have."

"I say he has, too, and I know it, for it stuck my cheek."

That's how she knew.

☞ A scientific Benedict was told that Congress was considering the question of the property of married women. He immediately replied that there was no question about it—the chief property of married women was acidity!

A Smart Boy.

There is an anecdote of the triumph of a young Scotch loon at the expense of a minister's helpmate.

Mrs. B., wife of the Rev. Mr. B., was somewhat older than her husband, and was possessed of a hasty temper.

The tea kettle had been sent to the tinman for repair, and his apprentice boy, on returning with it, intimated a charge of fourpence.

The lady remonstrated at the unreasonableness of the demand, and insisted that a payment of twopence was more than ample. The boy maintained his claim, and a loud and angry altercation ensued.

Disturbed by the noise, Mr. B. appeared from his study, and inquired as to the cause of the fray.

The youth hastened to explain:

"I hae brocht the kettle, sir, and my maister says the price o' the mendin' is fourpence; but your *mither* will not gie me ony mair than tippence."

The youth's happy mistake as to the relationship of the lady to the minister was overpowering.

Mrs. B., fairly discomfited, retired to her chamber.

Mr. B. gave the youth sixpence, and commended his zeal on behalf of his employer.

A Sentimental Young Lady on Bonnets.—Oh, the bonnets of my girlhood—the kind I wore to school; I really thought them pretty—I must have been a fool. And yet I used to think myself on hats a jaunty miss; perhaps I was, as fashion went—but what was that to this! Oh, the lovely little pancake—the charming little mat! it makes my head so level, and so very, very flat. Oh, a sister's love is charming, as everybody knows; and a handsome neighbor's love is nice (that is, I should suppose); and the love of a true lover is a love that cannot pall—but the love of a new bonnet is the dearest love of all.

FORGIVENESS.

Nay, dear! you need not tell me, sobbing thus,
"I love you!" Not a shade of doubt hath passed
Across the sunshine of my certainty
Of your true heart, mine surely to the last.

You grieved me sorely, love! No hand but yours
Lay near enough my heart to wound so deep;
But through my pain the saddest thought was this—
The bitter tears your loving eyes would weep.

"Forgive you, darling? Take you back?" My heart
Never released you from its warm caress;
Fault, pardon, pain, are overwhelmed and lost
In its unutterable tenderness.

Salt with Nuts.

One time, while enjoying a visit from an Englishman, hickory nuts were served in the evening, when my English friend called for salt, stating that he knew a case of a woman eating heartily of nuts in the evening who was taken violently ill. The celebrated Dr. Abernethy was sent for, but it was after he had become too fond of his glass, and he was not in a condition to go. He muttered, "Salt! Salt!" of which no notice was taken. Next morning he went to the place, and she was a corpse. He said that had they given her salt it would have relieved her; if they would allow him to make an examination, he would convince them. On opening the stomach the nuts were found in a mass. He sprinkled salt on this, and it immediately dissolved. I have known of a sudden death myself which appeared to have been the effect of the same cause. I generally eat salt with nuts, and I consider it improves them.

☞ Brazil keeps a standing offer of $8,000, in gold, to any one who will invent a mode of preserving beef, so that it will be suitable for exportation; and though no less than four hundred processes have been put in competition for this prize, none has yet received it.

☞ A recent English writer affirms that "people who are never contradicted, or who resolutely resent and reject any forcible opposition to their own views of things, come at last to be scarcely responsible beings."

☞ Mr. J. P. Alexander, called the "Cattle King" of Illinois, own 75,000 head of cattle.

AGRICULTURAL.

Superphosphate.

There appears to have been a lively discussion at one of the late meetings of the New York Farmers' Club on the subject of special fertilizers. According to the report of the Tribune, Mr. Whitney said bone is a permanent manure and will impart something every year. Superphosphate is the same material, but so prepared as to give immediate results.

A. S. Fuller—I value bone highly. I have used tons of it, and tons of superphosphate, but on the last I would not pay cartage twenty miles to my place, for I have never seen the least benefit from it. I buried a load of superphosphate to get it out of the way. I may mistake in this, but I have tried it on four different kinds of soil and this is my experience. The sulphuric acid seems to burn and vitrify the bone. Now if superphosphate is so valuable, why have not gardeners and nurserymen found it out; why not Peter Henderson, the great gardener? Why not Elwanger & Barry, the noted nurserymen of Rochester? And why do they send out their teams from four to ten miles for barn-yard manure? William Parry, of Cinnaminson, told me his manure cost about $7 a load, and he used it before any other. Have they not heard of superphosphate? Here, now, is our friend Quinn, I might say he was brought up in a superphosphate factory, and yet he carefully secures all his manure. My opinion is that one might as well throw his money into the Hudson river as to expend it for any superphosphate I have seen.

This called out Mr. Quinn, who claimed that he had made money by farming and by buying superphosphate, and declared that he had bought more of it than any man in the room. He offered to experiment with Mr. Fuller, and to leave the result to a committee.

Mr. Stone said that when a manufacturer of superphosphate first starts we get an article that gives satisfaction, but soon it gets worthless, and now most of us go on Mr. Fuller's plan, buying manure and composting with muck.

Mr. Williams had used bone with much greater benefit than superphosphate, which he would use no more. He was in favor of composting muck with manure.

N. C. Meeker bought $12 worth of bone, and a less quantity of superphosphate. The first did most good, but half the money spent in stable manure would have given better results.

Horses.

A certain cure for founder in a horse, some think, is to stand him in water up to his belly. I have known it practised for fifty years; and swathing the legs in hot water, vinegar and sugar of lead, are all good to some extent; but a founder must be relieved suddenly, or the horse will show stiffness in his action and have deformed and callous, tender hoofs.

Water applied to the legs I do not consider a positive cure; the disease must be attacked at the root, by bleeding and purging; a few drops of blood taken from below the fetlocks will hasten his recovery. But the most certain and quick remedy that I have ever known is a green gourd. Take a large green gourd, cut it up; put it into a gallon of water, and boil it down to a quart. Strain the liquid and drench—in twenty-four hours the horse will be perfectly himself. The gourd is a powerful diuretic, and will cause the horse to stale the most offensive odor.

In 1822, I traded for two fine young mares in Augusta, Ga. I rode one of them to Kentucky, and my servant the other. Early one morning, at the crossing of Clinch river, Tenn., we found one of the mares so badly foundered that she could not be led out of the stable. I procured a green gourd and drenched her as directed above, and directed the servant to remain until she was able to travel, expecting that he would reach home in three or four days after me; the next day after my arrival he came in, with the mare in as good plight as if nothing had happened.—*Cor. Rural World.*

Our Receipt for Curing Meat.

To one gallon of water, take one and a half pounds of salt, one-half pound of sugar, one-half ounce of saltpetre, one-half ounce potash. In this ratio the pickle to be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together, until all the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be poured down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood, &c., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well; though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing off the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar. If this receipt is properly tried, it will never be abandoned. There is none that surpasses it, if so good.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

RECEIPTS.

Spice Cake.—One cup of sugar, one of molasses, one of butter, one of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one of cloves, one of cinnamon, one of ginger, six cupfuls of flour, two eggs. This quantity will make two nice loaves.

Crullers.—One egg, one cupful and a half of sugar, half a cupful of butter, one pint of sweet milk; mix as soft as will roll out, and fry in hot lard.

Cocoa Nibs, (*Good for Invalids.*)—Pour one quart of boiling water over two ounces of cocoa nibs, boil gently for five hours, strain, and mix (when required for use) with an equal part of new milk; allow this to reach the boiling point, but not to boil, and it is ready for use. If milk disagrees with "an invalid," a little cream can be substituted, as used in making tea.

Dressing Skins.—Will some one be kind enough to tell me of an easy and simple plan of dressing skins at home, such as rabbit, dog, or hare skins, to be used for mats or trimmings?—H. [Skins may be preserved for use by soaking them in a solution of alum and salt for a few days. A common plan, which answers very well, is to spread the skins open after removing any fat or loose membrane, then to sprinkle the flesh side with powdered alum, fold the powdered side together, and roll the whole up for some days. Thin skins preserved in this way do very well for mats and trimmings.]

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

I am composed of 46 letters.
My 7, 45, 18, 5, 23, is a blowing machine.
My 41, 39, 12, is an esculent root of tropical climates.
My 20, 27, 8, 30, is a kind of short petticoat worn by Scotch Highlanders.
My 37, 6, 9, 4, is a trap or snare for fish.
My 10, 14, 19, 29, is a net for the hair.
My 13, 24, 10, 38, 44, is the governor of a Turkish province.
My 26, 2, 44, 25, is a college officer in England.
My 35, 40, 1, 11, is the essence of roses.
My 33, 42, 28, 32, is to lean idly.
My 9, 21, 34, 26, 39, 17, is denoting surprise.
My 20, 31, 22, 33, is the principal timber of a ship.
My 16, 43, 3, 46, is a name anciently given to Christmas.
My 7, 36, 15, is a large cask.
My whole is an old but true saying.

Altoona City, Pa. NIAGARA.

Enigma.

I am composed of six letters.
My 3, 6, 2, 5, is good to eat.
My 2, 5, 6, is good to drink.
My 6, 5, 3, is a kind of tree.
My 4, 3, 5, 3, is a kind of tree.
My 1, 2, 4, is what nourishes all trees.
My 5, 3, 3, 4, lights the darkness.
My 2, 4, 4, 5, 6, is a fruit.
My 4, 5, 6, 2, 1, 6, is what all like to do.
My 3, 4, 6, is an animal.
My whole is not much in itself, but often represents a great deal. A. L. ROCKY.

Geometrical Problem.

Two wheels, whose diameters are 5 and 6 feet, have their centres connected by an axle. If they be put in motion on a level plane, the "belt" or space included by them when they have described a complete circle will be one acre. Required—the length of the axle. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

A man owes a debt, due in four equal instalments, at the end of 4, 9, 12 and 20 months respectively; he finds that discount being allowed at 6 per cent., $750 will pay the debt. How much does he owe?

WM. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

What is the solid contents of a tetrahedron, each side of which is 6 inches?

H. R. SPINK.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Why is a lady's bonnet like a cupola? Ans.—Because it covers the belle.

☞ When does an editor play a singular trick with grammar? *Chorus of impenitent Contributors*—"When he tries to improve our contributions." That's not it. When he declines an article.

☞ Why is the letter R very unfortunate? Ans.—Because it is always in trouble, wretchedness and misery, is the beginning of riot and ruin, and is never found in peace, innocence or love.

☞ What state should artists live in? Ans.—Pencil-vania.

☞ Who wrote the most—Dickens, Warren or Bulwer? Ans.—Warren wrote "Now and Then," Bulwer wrote "Night and Morning," Dickens wrote "All the Year Round."

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"Tell me the company you keep and I'll tell you what you are." ENIGMA—Sample.

Maccaroni—is an article of food which we should like to see in more common use in this country. When our people learn to make it, as well as they make it in Naples; and what is equally important to cook it as the Neapolitans do, it will be as much used here as it is there, for it is, or might to be, cheap and healthful.

The flour is specially ground for it; and the best article of maccaroni is retailed in the Neapolitan provinces for five and six cents a pound. A commoner and coarser article is much used by the common people, which sells for about half this price. It is difficult to imagine what the *basse gents*, the lower classes, would do without maccaroni.

Here, we think, it is usually baked with cheese; a style in which no Italian could be induced to eat it. They regard baked cheese as very indigestible. They boil their maccaroni until it is tender, which ordinarily requires about ten minutes, and then serve it up with butter or the sauce of the *ragout*. To make this dish they take a piece of beef without bone, and after cutting an onion into small pieces and cooking it thoroughly in a kettle, they place the meat on the onion, and after it is partially cooked they add tomatoes, prepared as they would be for stewing; adding more from time to time and sometimes water, and cooking for three or four hours. The meat is then served up by itself, and the tomato sauce is poured over the maccaroni. They always have some grated cheese on the table to be sprinkled on the maccaroni by those who like it.

Twice a week, Sundays and Thursdays the year round, this forms the dinner for four-fifths of a population of eight millions of people. It is both healthful and inexpensive.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

English Pudding.—Four eggs, two cupfuls of sweet milk, four tablespoonfuls of fine chopped suet, ten tablespoonfuls of flour, and ten of bread-crumbs, all kinds of spice, one pound of chopped raisins, and a handful of currants; boil four hours.

Simple and Perfect Cure for Burn.—Take essence of peppermint and whiskey, in proportion of one part peppermint and three of spirits, and apply with cloths, and it gives perfect relief instantly. Peppermint and sweet-oil is equally good, put on with cotton. This should be always at hand, whenever there is danger from such accidents, as it acts like a perfect charm, and will not fail to relieve.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ A person who visited Annapolis on business was preparing to depart after he had concluded it. "You are not going away already?" said one of his friends; "I thought you would spend the day here." "Oh, no," answered the stranger, "life is too short to spend a day in Annapolis."